

Of a Construct and a Hero

by Heart-Of-Memories

Category: Halo

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-09-25 04:30:11

Updated: 2012-06-11 15:10:43

Packaged: 2016-04-26 22:59:39

Rating: T

Chapters: 102

Words: 23,532

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: 100 bits and pieces of the bond between John117 and Cortana. Friends, Partners, Lovers, who knows. \\ChiefxCortana CortanaxChief//
\\Some AU/

1. 63: Do Not Disturb

A/N: 100 Drabbleistic Oneshots describing the bond between Master Chief (John) and Cortana. Friends, Lovers, Partners, makes no difference.

Disclaimer: Halo and all it's characters belong to
Bungie/Microsoft(unsure if MS owns Bungie)

Prompt: 63. Do Not Disturb

Takes Place: Sometime during Halo2 or 3, slightly AU due to the fact that I doubt this will happen in H3.

* * *

>Cortana shook her digital head. Once again, someone was trying to get into Chief's quarters, And once again, whoever it was walked away with a burned palm. She huffed, didn't anyone understand the meaning of "do not disturb"?! Cursing up and down in various languages, both Human and Covenant, she faded away from the Holo-Pad in John's room, reappearing in Commander Miranda Keyes' quarters. The young woman jumped as Cortana cleared her throat- or at least, made the sound like she was- right palm showing it's door handle shaped burn mark. Cortana glared at the young commander, fixing her with a red eyed gaze. <p>"Chief has told you, he is not to be disturbed. Have anyone try to wake him before we arrive at our destination, and you will suffer worse than a burn on your palm." Cortana faded away from Miranda's view, reappearing in John's room. She buffed up the security on the door, tapped into the security camera's in the hallway, then settled down to watch John get a decent night's rest.<p>

About bloody time to.

* * *

><p><p>

2. 5: Seeking Solace

5. Seeking Solace

(SemiAU, Human!Cortana)

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes place: Prior to Halo 1.

* * *

>Long days on the field were hard on the poor man. They both knew that. Every time another SPARTAN died, a piece of him was chipped off. Tiny, uncomparable to the rest that was still there, but for Cortana, another person gone was another wound that would take forever to heal. Once he was safely back at a place he could rest, did he finally relax into her touch. Arms wrapped around her back as he burrowed his neck into her collarbone, firm shoulders shaking. She rubbed large circles on his back, letting him pour his emotions out. She cursed the Covenant up and down so many times as she did so, condemning them for hurting her love, for killing his family. John often fell asleep in her arms after days like this, she didn't care.
<p>She was here for him, and that would never change.<p>

* * *

> <div>

3. 79: Scars

Prompt: 79. Scars

(Slight AU Human!Cortana.)

Takes place: After Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo belongs to Bungie.

* * *

>Cortana traced her fingers down the scars all over his back. Every single one of them she'd seen before, they kept no secrets from each other. She remembered how he got some of these to.<p><p>

The small one on his right shoulder blade; a friendly magnum shot gone off course

This big one just above where his left lung would be; and energy sword.

To many to count. So many slash and bullet marks.

John twitched under her ministrations, burrowing his face further into the pillow.

Cortana smiled, kissing the scar directly above his left brow.

He'd got that one saving her life.

* * *

> <div>

4. 82: Can You Hear Me?

Prompt: 82. Can You Hear Me?

Disclaimer: Halo's 1,2 and 3 belong to Bungie.

Takes Place: Halo 2, at the beginning of the Outskirts level.

* * *

>5 minutes girl, that's all it's been. Come on, you've seen people take harder hits on the head, he's FINE.<p><p>

At least, that's what you tell yourself.

DAMN THAT SCARAB! It'll be lucky if you don't mess with it's programming!

Wait... When did you get so protective of him?

Dosen't matter.

He's coming to. Your voice rings in his helmet.

"Blink if you can hear me Chief."

He blinks.

* * *

> <div>

5. 1: Introduction

Prompt: 1: Introduction

Disclaimer: Halo and all it's people/AI's are Bungies.

Takes Place: AU, no admission to the Halo story.

A/N: GAH! I can write endings, middles, hell, even LEMONS! But i can't write a bloody beginning!

**

* * *

>Cortana Halsey cursed. New school, new halls, new everything! Why oh why did her mother have to get a new job now? Another wrong turn, another huff, another look at her watch. Five minutes to the bell. She sprinted down another hall, turned a corner, and crashed headlong into another student. She fell to the ground with a yelp, short hair falling into her face. The other student sighed, just shaking his head as recollected her books, handing them to her. As she dusted herself off, he spoke, gravelly voice giving the impression that he didn't speak much.

"You know, they make backpacks for a reason." The warning bell punctuated his words as she gratefully took her books back, and he grimaced. His shoulders sagged, brown eyes looking over Cortana's fidgeting form.

"Which is your first class?"

"History with Catherine Halsey, she's my Mom and I can't be late." The large student winced once more, taking her by the arm and walking up the stairs. His grip was gentle, so Cortana didn't struggle. Two doors later, Cortana was halfway into her new classroom when it danged on her. She looked out the door.

"Wait! What's your name?"

He smiled, saluting as he was halfway down the stairs.

"John Spartan, nice to meet you, Cortana Halsey."

* * *

>Not a word about his last name. Not a word. (Dosen't mean it can't be two words)<p><p>

-HOM

6. 35: Hold My Hand

35. Hold My Hand

Takes place: A few weeks after Prompt 5

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, even this AU version.

A/N: Yes, I do realize that Spartan is an unoriginal last name, but he's a native USA man, Mjolnir is not going to work.

Cortana sighed once again, clenching her hands around the denim skirt she was wearing. Her mother smiled, tucking a lock of blond hair behind her ear before returning to her book.

"You look fine dear." Cortana bit her lip, jumping as the doorbell rang. Catherine Halsey stood, opening the door and letting John in. He was still semi-casual, but he'd replaced his worn jeans with good

looking slacks, and his sports jersey had been replaced by a button down shirt. His hair was still a messy brown carpet on his head, but he'd obviously tried to tame it. Cortana grabbed her jacket, throwing it over her shoulders as Catherine finished laying down the ground rules. John nodded, holding the door open for Cortana.

"Back by eleven sharp, no drinking. Understood Ma'am." Catherine shoed them out the door, smiling. Once outside the house, John smiled. He placed a kiss on Cortana's temple, rubbing a finger over her knuckles.

"Hold my hand?"

Cortana was happy to comply.

Also, I've no Beta reader. I'm looking for one, but you have to be rather open-minded. (Then again, you have to be to like ChiefxCortana.)

7. 13: In the Rain

Prompt: 13. In the Rain

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, not mine.

Take place: During the Halo 3 level Seirra-117

A/N: I have not played Halo 3, nor the other games. Spoil me all you want, I already know how it ends.

John-117 blinked. Drops of rainwater were blurring his visor, and the storm was getting worse. Arbiter huffed, taking shelter under a tree as the surviving Marines and Johnson ducked into a small cove carved into the mountain side. Chief joined them a moment after, the rainwater still dripping off his helmet. Johnson spared him a glance, but said nothing as he lit the fire to keep them warm. It wasn't until 0400 hours that night, awoken by a Marine heading for the treeline to take watch, that he realized it had been raining the day he met Cortana.

"Do ya miss her, sir?" He looked up, one Marine had remained in the cave. Understanding his confusion, the Marine spoke up again.

"Cortana. Sarge told us you two work together." Chief barely nodded, and the Marine smiled.

"Go stand in the rain, memories are easier to see like that." Chief stood, nodding his thanks to the marine as he left the cave. Chief turned his head up to the pale grey sky, letting the rain hit his visor.

No one noticed the water underneath the golden glass.

Let the man be human, please!

8. 24: No Time

Prompt: 24. No Time

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes place: On Halo 2 Level High Charity. Set's the stage for AU

A/N: As I've never played the Halo series, I'm unsure if Mercy was the Prophet getting eaten by the Flood. Correct me if I'm wrong.

* * *

>Chief glanced back at Cortana's avatar, then at the ruined In Amber Clad. By detonating it, she would be destroying herself as well at the ring. He heard her sigh. <p>"Chief, there's no time to dawdle. You have to get on that ship before it takes off. Just leave me here." John shook his head.<p>

"Theres also no time to lose you. I don't care if you can't remote detonate this thing, you're coming with me." Ignoring her protest's, he placed his hand on Mercy's throne, re-absorbing her into the data crystal in his helmet. He took off running towards the control chamber.

"Theres no time to lose, you should just leave me behind."

"You're all the time in the world to me, as long as we're still together, we've got time."

* * *

>Yes, I do realize how cheesy his last line is. Also, ALMOST 4000 HITS!!!! Thank you all so much!

9. 14: Smile

Prompt: 14. Smile

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Take's Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

>It was over. They'd made it. They were home.<p><p>

Well, as home as Military quarters were.

Cortana busied herself with sorting through the mess of military folders that had been left in this terminal, while Chief took a shower.

Once more, Cortana berated herself. His name was John, not Chief. The

war was over, and Master Chief had gone into retirement. Now, all that was left was memories and a man named John. It was better like that anyway. He could finally rest. Speaking of rest...

Cortana ducked out of the terminal, smiling to herself as she saw John sound asleep on his bed, covers drawn up to his chin. She dimmed the lights, took one last look at John's face, then went into hibernation herself.

She would never forget the small smile on his face, never.

* * *

><p><p>

To ArsonistMaster: I wholeheartedly agree. I was yelling at my computer screen when I watched the last bits of the Playthrough i use for Story purposes.

Till next time!

-HOM

10. 97: Stand

Prompt: 97. Stand

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: Sometime in Halo 3, exact date unknown.

* * *

>"Get up! Chief!" Cortana was screaming in his ears, he could hear Johnson yelling at the other marines for cover fire, but for the love of pete he couldn't get up!<p><p>

"John!" Brown eyes closed, before he groped for the weapon he'd lost in the Brute strike.

"Ataboy Chief, up and attem!" He smirked behind his helmet, Assault Rifle spitting out bullets into the Brute's torso. Cortana sighed in some semblance of relief.

"Don't scare me like that! I thought you'd never get up."

"As long as I've got legs, I stand."

* * *

>AN: Spellcheck hates Johnson!Speak.

To ArsonistMaster: In the previous Prompt, Cortana was an AI. She was sorting through folders of Data, Computer Programs.

11. 2: Love

Prompt: 2. Love

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

A/N: I had fun with this one.

Take's Place: Post Halo3

* * *

>Love: strong affection for another arising out of kinship or personal ties.

At least, so the dictionary's all said. But Cortana knew better. Love was what kept so many of these Marine's fighting. Love for Earth or her Colonies, love for someone waiting at home, or someone fighting alongside them. Even these Elites, some of them had mates or families back on the Covenant Home. But what about John? Who did he love, you ask? Cortana would only shake her head at you, a small smile curving her lips.

She will say: "He loves us all." But there's something she's not saying, and the looks she and John share tell the rest of the story.

"He loves me, I love him."

* * *

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12. 45: Illusion

Prompt: 45. Illusion

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes PlaceL Halo 3 Level Seirra-117

* * *

>Would you be willing to sacrifice me to complete your mission? Could you watch me die?

Chief shook the ringing out of his ears, shaking off the feeling of dread and nodding that he was alright to the Marines.

Just a dream, lingering data from Cortana's network everytime she was in his system.

How he wished it was more than just an illusion.

So much more.

* * *

>Shortest one yet. <div>

13. 4: Emotion

Prompt: 4. Emotion

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungie.

Takes Place: Post Halo3, AU as Chief and Cortana made it back to Earth.

A/N: After watching a Teen Titans Episode last night, I got to thinking how little emotion Chief has shown, besides anger. This is the result.

* * *

>Chief was never one to show much emotion. A war machine designed to be just that, a machine. Machines don't have emotions. But somehow, he's different than a machine, he does show emotion. He cried when Miranda and Avery were killed, he smiled when he found Cortana, and he was angry when he was given the order to terminate Cortana.
<p>That was the first time he ever disobeyed an order.<p>

He was grateful for it when Cortana showed him a quick way to blend into the crowd.

Spartan-117 dosen't show emotion. He's MIA.

John shows emotion. He's alive and well.

* * *

><p><p>

14. 3: Shadows

Prompt: 3. Shadows

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: Anytime during Halo2.

* * *

>Shadows can be so many things. Memories, echoes of the past, or the darkness cast when a light shines on something. <p>Johns shadow is Cortana.<p>

She's in his memories, the only one still alive that knows his past, and is his light that makes the shadow.

But she's more than that as well.

She's his partner, his protector, his everything.

So much more than just a shadow.

* * *

> <div>

15. 40: Alone

Prompt: 40. Alone

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: During Halo 3.

* * *

>During those days (weeks, months, years, it was all so blurry) that he was fighting alongside both Marines and Elites, he had never felt more alone. No matter how many soldiers were beside him, no matter how many jokes Johnson cracked or orders Lord Hood and Miranda gave him, he was alone. He was so used to Cortana's constant chatter, her warnings when something was going to attack him from behind, her sarcastic wit, her. Spartan's were raised as a family, and he was the last. He was always alone before he'd met Cortana, and now, he was alone again. So when Johnson asked if he was alright after seeing Cortana's message, he shook his head.<p><p>

"I hate being alone."

* * *

>AN: You and me both Chief. You and me both.

16. 94: Hope

Prompt: 94. Last Hope

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungie's

Take's Place: Halo 3 Level Cortana

* * *

>Every UNSC commander said that Chief was humanity's last hope for survival.<p><p>

He was the last hope for a lot of families to, he kept thier sons _daughtershusbandsmothersfatherssiblings _alive, or got them out alive and made sure they got home safe.

If he couldn't, at least he tried.

No one but Cortana knew who's last hope he also was.

He was her last hope, of ever seeing the sky again.

Of ever seeing his blue eyes once more.

* * *

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17. 8: Innocent

Prompt: 8. Innocence

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: After Halo 3, Human!Cortana.

A/N: Just something that came to me, as I'm gonna be an Aunt soon.

* * *

>She had never told John, but Cortana had discovered pictures of the SPARTAN's as children when she was browsing through Dr. Halsey's old documents after they returned to Earth from the Portal. She read everyone of them, smiling at how cute they'd all been back in the day, before opening John's folder. The smile on her face only got bigger as he read through Dr. Halsey's praise of his talents, and bigger still as his picture filled her terminal's screen. Dimples, freckles, gap in the teeth, he certainly wasn't so pale back then though, although a month on some island would cure that now. She backed up the picture onto her harddrive before deleting the files and leaving to drag John onto one of those islands. She smiled once more as she shut off the lights in her room.<p><p>

He'd been so innocent back then.

* * *

>I think Chief was cute as a kid.<p><p>

18. 26: Tears

Prompt: 26. Tears

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: A few years after prompt 35.

* * *

>Cortana Halsey-Spartan cried a lot. She cried when her father died in service for the military. She also cried when her mother said they were moving. She cried when her old dog, Riley, ran away, and she cried when her mother was diagnosed with terminal cancer.<p><p>

John Spartan didn't cry often, if at all. He'd shed a few tears as a child, when his mother died. A few more when his dog died in his arms (he'd later find out that his dog had been Cortana's) and the last when Catherine Halsey died, her last words to him were to take care of her daughter.

Both John and Cortana agreed to name thier daughter after her Grandmother, with tears of happiness in thier eyes.

* * *

>AN: Don't know what I was thinking on this one.

19. 17: Blood

Prompt: 17. Blood

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes place: Halo 1, before the Flood are discovered.

* * *

>Blood came in lots of different colors. The Covenant had blue, purple, green and maroon. Humans had red.<p><p>

It was the red that came from Chief that Cortana was so very afraid to see. Everytime he was injured, he bled bright red. It leaked out of his armor in the cracks that had let the Covenant wound him, staining the ground red until either the wound stopped bleeding or he reached a Medkit. Whichever happened, Cortana dreaded ever time his shields dropped, and not because there was the risk she would be destroyed.

She hated to watch him bleed, and be able to do nothing about it.

* * *

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20. 18: Twilight

Prompt: 18. Twilight

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: After Halo 3, Human!Cortana.

* * *

>In all the years they'd been fighting the Covenant, Cortana had never liked the night time. Far to easy to get snuck up on, not easy enough to attack the Covenant. She also disliked the daytime. Too hot in some places, and when it was hot, Chief's reflexes slowed. Not by much mind you, but enough to make her worry. Dawn was alright, nice and calm, easy enough to see, but not so easy to get snuck up on. But Twilight, she knew nothing about. So when John took her on a date to the beach at sunset, she was awestruck. John smiled at the look on her face, and her red eyes met his brown. <p>Twilit colors.<p>

* * *

><p><p>

A/N: (pinches nose) This one, didn't turn out the way I planned.

21. 49: Promise

Prompt: 49. Promise

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: End of Halo2/Halo 3 Level Cortana

"Cause we don't leave a Man behind, especially when they never left us." Rocky, 10.12.07 Episode of Ghost Whisperer.

* * *

><p><p>

Chief skidded into the Forerunner ship, MJOLNIR armor creating sparks along the metallic structure. He stood, Cortana's voice coming over his radio.

"When you get to Earth, good luck." John turned, catching one last glimpse of the sky before the doors of the ship banged closed behind him.

"Once I'm through with Truth, I'll come and get you. I promise." Cortana watched the ship take off.

"Don't make a girl a promise, if you know you can't keep it."

—

* * *

>Cortana looked up at _HER_ Chief, before looking away from his brown eyes.

"But so much of me is wrong, out of place, you might be to late." John calmed the raging fear in his blood, before kneeling against the holo panel.

"You know me. When I make a promise..." Cortana's eyes opened wide as she pushed herself up to look into his own brown pools.

"You keep it."

* * *

>Oh, I had fun with this one!<p><p>

22. 55: Waiting

Prompt: 55. Waiting

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes place: Prior to Halo 3

A/N: Semi!Ranting, It's been a bad week over here.

* * *

>Waiting was difficult for AI's. Time passed so slowly for constructs who could make over 10,000 calculations in less than a second, even those like Cortana, who's processors were overloaded with data. Had

Cortana had a body, she would have sighed against Graveminds probing advances into her systems, each getting bounced back by her limited firewalls. Stupid creature, just like an Infection Form. Cortana spun up another firewall quickly, before settling into Hibernation.
<p>"Don't keep me waiting forever John."<p>

* * *

><p><p>

My apologies for the lack of length, I'm running out of steam on this thing.

23. 64: Home

Prompt: 64. Home

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo3

* * *

>Home meant different things to both Chief and Cortana. For Chief, home was the battlefield downing Covenant, or at least somewhere he could be of use. For Cortana, home was the massive UNSC networks, or Chief's armor. Whenever either got lonely or homesick during the entire war, they'd exchange banter that made even Chief crack a smirk. Cortana was more witty than even some of the best stand-up comics, and Chief's optimistic little speeches were just what Cortana would need on a bad day. They both kept the other going.<p><p>

And it goes without saying that it's not home for either, if the other isn't there.

* * *

><p><p>

5 minutes, I can get used to this.

24. 50: Breaking the Rules

Prompt: 50. Breaking the Rules

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: During "Emotion" Prompt. (Post Halo3)

* * *

>John paced back and forth through the room, brown eyes closed. Cortana followed his movements, digital arms crossed over her chest.
<p>"It's regulations Chief, you know the rules." He stopped pacing, inhaling through his nose as he turned to face her. She winced at the look on his face, before he continued to pace.<p>

"They're asking me to terminate you. All because Gravemind, who is

dead, got an access code out of you. It's stupid." Cortana sighed, one hand on her forehead.

"I agree with you there, but rules are rules John. You don't have a choice." John stopped in his pacing, remembering an unspoken rule between the SPARTANS. He turned to Cortana, smile on his face.

"And rules are made to be broken."

* * *

>AN: That unspoken rule, I use it all the time. Yeah, I might make a full story on the "Emotion" prompt, once this thing's finished.

25. 74: Desiring Solace

Prompt: 74. Desiring Solace

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Sometime after/before/during Prompt 5

A/N: Companion Piece to Seeking Solace.

* * *

>Comfort wasn't easy for Chief to ask for, Cortana knew that well. Verbally, he never said anything about when he was hurt, physically or otherwise. So Cortana was left to pick up on body language, what little she could see. A shrug could translate into so many things, but the way he stood was often enough. If he leaned back against a wall or doorframe, he was tired. If he stood up straight, rigid as a board, he was angry or following orders. But if he slouched at all, she knew he needed a hug. So, as soon as she saw him slouch over, even by the slightest amount, she'd drag him off and give him the biggest hug she could. He never said anything about it, but she knew he was grateful. <p>Words don't mean everything, not to them.<p>

* * *

>Uh, well, I dunno what I was thinking. <div>

26. 36: Precious Treasure

Prompt: 36. Precious Treasure

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungie

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

><p><p>

Treasure: _An object that holds high monetary or emotional value_. The dictionarys all said something of the like, but they had it wrong. Treasures weren't just objects, sometimes they were people

too. John knew that well enough, Cortana was his treasure, and she was human. Before, when she was still an AI, Chief regarded her as such, but over time, she became his precious treasure. John smiled, kissing his wife as she snuggled into his arms.

She would always be his treasure.

* * *

>AN: Got the idea for this one from my Grandparents. They've happily been together for the past 60 years! If that's not a bond, I don't know what is.

Also, Thank everyone for the 20000Plus hits!

27. 7: Heaven

Prompt: 7. Heaven

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

A/N: I'm Athiest, and mean no offense to and Religious people with this.

Takes Place: Post Halo 3, Arbiter POV (Kill me Later)

* * *

>In all his studies of the human race, Arbiter found it hard to understand their need for so many religions. Christianity, Muslim, Buddhism, they're were so many to name! And then there were the Agnostics and Athiests, the "Non-Believers". Had a member of the Covenant been Athiest, he would have been slain on the spot during the Prophet's riegnd of terror. But this Heaven, based upon Christain faith, sounded like a place that would be nice to stay in. Calm, no more wars, no more bloodshed. Looking at the Spartan and his Contruct, Arbiter made his final prayer. <p>"Let them make it to your Heaven, Holy Father."<p>

* * *

>(Pinches nose) Oi vey, this was incredibly hard to write. Last time I write anything with a Religious undertone. <p>On another note, I am now taking Request Prompts. No more than 2 a person, please.<p>

(blinks) 7. Heaven, 7th Heaven. FfVII fans, raise your hands if you got that.

28. Request 1: Competition

Request Prompt 1: Competition (requested by Peanuckle)

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: A little before the H3 level "Installation 00".

A/N: Johnson's POV

* * *

>Avery Johnson had seen a lot of things in his long service time at the UNSC. He'd seen marriages, childbirth, killings, fear, and he'd seen grown men cry like they were newborn babies again. But despite all he'd seen, what was in front of him was something new. <p>John and Spark locked into a stare, with Cortana's storage device in between them.<p>

"Reclaimer, be reasonable. Your Contructs message has been played, there is no reason to keep this."

"Maybe there's something hidden in that message."

"If thier was, it would have played with the rest of it Reclaimer." John clenched a fist, and Spark sputtered a bit, floating back.

"Very well Reclaimer, you win this round." Spark floated away, leaving two very confused humans staring at the Monitor. Johnson took a long drag of his cigar as John shrugged, then stalked off with the device in his hand.

"Kids."

* * *

>AN: HEE! I had fun with this one! Thank you Peanuckle, I needed this to get back on the proverbial ball. Sorry if it's not to your liking.

Also, kudos to Arsonist Master for bieng the only one who got the FFVII reference in the last prompt. As a prize, you get an extra request Prompt, and a digital cookie! Hope you like vanilla.

-HOM

29. 72: Fear

Prompt: 72.Fear

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: At the End of Halo 3.

* * *

>Cortana knew fear. She knew it well. It was an old companion, an old, bitchy companion. It gnawed at her programming, a sinking feeling in what would have been her stomach. Knots, butterflies, the whole nine yards. Fire bubbled and broiled in her gullet as she watched Chief get thrown to the hatch of the Dawn, and she wanted to scream. Scream and never stop, scream her heart out, cry and shout, make some kind of noise. She settled for a warning.
<p>"Chief!"<p>

He managed to duck the flying tank, before clawing his way back up to

look her in the eyes. He was alright.

The fear finally disappeared.

* * *

>I wrote this becuae a dear friend of mine lives in southern California. As many of you must know, that region is bieng ravaged by uncontrollable wildfires. My friend has been evacuated, but I've got no way of knowing if she's safe now. What I wrote as Cortana, is what I'm feeling now. <p>-HOM<p>

30. 37: Eyes

Prompt: 37. Eyes

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Anytime.

* * *

>Eyes are windows to the soul. A common adage used by humans over countless generations. Perhaps, they were correct. For in Cortana's eyes, love for John-117 was plainly visible. In John's eyes, love for Cortana was all that you could see. Neither had so much love in thier eyes that they were blinded by it, or that it warped and distorted the world, but it was enough. One pair is brown, the other is red. They never see eye to eye on everything, but on what counts, they are each others eyes. Emotions reflect in our eyes, welling up from our _souls _as we look to one another. For Cortana and John, that rings true in so many ways.

* * *

>Kudos to those who get the Legend of Spyro: The Eternal Night reference. (Hint: It's the words that aren't straight up)<p><p>

Note: Still taking those request Prompts people, but you've got till the end of the year!

31. 21: Vacation

Prompt: 21. Vacation

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

>It was a month after they returned home that Cortana realized something. The day after she realized it, she brought the topic up to John's attention. That is, she breached the topic at an opportune moment.<p><p>

"You need a vacation." John started, almost choking on his dinner.

Cortana laughed at the look on his face once the concern had faded.

"I mean it John. Beaches are made to be enjoyed." John swallowed hoarsely, and Cortana pounced on the moment of silence to continue her train of thought.

"Soft sand, wind in your face, ocean waves, nobody there but you and I, it'll be fun." John shook his head, but before he could open his mouth, Cortana held up her hand.

"Not a word. Your working to hard again. Just think of it, as my treat for getting me out of Gravemind's clutches." Leaving John with those words, she faded out of sight. John sighed.

"My vacation started when I got you back. It's not over yet."

* * *

>Er, right. I started with an entirely different idea for this one, but I think it came out alright.<p><p>

32. 22: SelfSacrifice

Prompt: 22/Bonus 2. Self-Sacrifice/Exhuastion

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 3

A/N: Slight AU, as Chief recovered Cortana sooner.

* * *

>"John, don't even think about it!" Chief winced at the fear and anger in his AI's voice, but loaded his pistol anyway. His helmet lay on the ground next to him, and Cortana's avatar was "standing" on the visor, eyes livid.<p><p>

"It's the only option we have."

"It's suicide!" John closed his eyes, taking a deep breath.

"I know."

"Then why? Just tell me that." Chief sagged, loading his Battle Rifle now.

"I'm the only one who can." Cortana growled.

"Bullcrap. The Marines are willing to go instead, so are the Elites. Hell, even Arbiter's willing to go in your place! John, what's gotten into you?!" John-117 snapped, turning to face Cortana.

"Enough. You want the truth? Fine. I'm tired of all this." Cortana cocked her head.

"This?" Chief swept a gloved hand to the ragtag camp below them, set into a small clearing.

"Fighting. These kids are getting killed, for what? As far as we know, Earth is gone. What's left to fight for?" In some small way, Cortana understood what the man before her was saying, but that didn't make this any easier. She placed a holographic hand on his arm, and even though she knew there was no physical body to go along with it, he still turned to face her.

"Everything John. We're alive, there's hope. Yes, Earth may very well be gone, but we're still here. You and I are still here. Please, don't do this." Something in the man clicked, and he smiled slightly.

"Alright. You win. No suicide missions for me." Cortana sighed in relief, making the motion to smack him on the arm. The both chuckled over that as John replaced his helmet.

"Good. I don't want to lose you again."

* * *

>AN: (rubs neck) My thoughts, are echoed as Chief's. I'm tired of being a teenager, of having mood swings and not getting along with my mother. I'm sick and tired of it!

33. 30: The Great Battle

Prompt: 30. The Great Battle

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: Halo 3, Believe Trailer. (AU in the fact that Chief didn't leave Cortana behind)

Note: Might be confusing.

* * *

>If there was ever a time where Chief would be shaking in his boots, this would be it.<p><p>

"I count 500 Brutes, 200 of which are chieftains, at least 1000 Grunts, and a couple odd dozen Jackals. All in all, more than 1500 Covenant. We number 1." Cortana's voice was calm, but John could hear the undercurrent of fear beneath it. He licked dry lips, reloading his Assault Rifle and Sniper Rifle with barely shaking hands.

"How long till reinforcements arrive?" Cortana did various calculations, before cursing.

"6 Hours. We can't hold out that long." John wanted to smack his forehead for even accepting this mission, but only let his breath out in one big whoosh. Chief stood, Assault Rifle tucked into its harness on his back place, while his Sniper Rifle found its niche in his armored hands. Cortana would have tugged at his arm to stop him and kiss him senseless had she been human, but she settled for upping his shields.

"The greatest battle of our time begins now. Good luck John."

* * *

>The wonders of Laura Pausini, Pokemon Mystery Dungeon, and slow Photobucket while in Mexico! (smacks DSL Box)
RAWR!<p><p>

-HOM

34. 96: In The Storm

Prompt: 96. In the Storm

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Inspired by Kavek's Je Mourraais

* * *

>John shook his head as he reentered the Dawn, water dripping off his helmet and armor onto the ground. It had begun pouring rain almost three hours ago, and there was no sign of it lightening up within the next day. The driving sheets of rain were making it hard to see more than five feet in front of your face, which meant his sniper rifle was useless. Cortana sighed from her terminal in front of him, annoyance painting her face as she ran through various programs. John smiled at her.<p><p>

"Problem?" The female AI glared at her partner, but she nodded as he took a seat next to her terminal.

"All the data left in the Dawn's computer is corrupted, even the medical files for the Marines that had come with us. Me trying to fix it all is like you trying to wade through that storm out there. Useless." John smiled wryly, taking his helmet off and setting it on the ground.

"Well then, we'll just have to wait both storms out together."

* * *

>I hereby order you all to go read Je Mourraais,
ASAP!

35. 39:Crossroads

Apologies to all my good reviewers, but this guy has it coming.

rtsrth, or whoever you the hell you are:

First off, thank you for your "review" of my story. It was, enlightening, to say the least.

Second. Yes, it's John "F-Bombing" Spartan.

Third, AU means (Alternate Universe), aka, "creative license" which means I can change things to a certain extent. And despite how childish I KNOW this is going to sound, You can't order me around!

Fourth, I know it sucked "rats ass". "Introduction" is the weakest of all my prompts, and I'm not ashamed to admit it.

One final point. I'd like to see you try to write all 100 of these, while juggling 3 other stories, school and pets. Before you judge me and my writing, put yourself into my shoes.

And if you flame me again, leave an E-Mail address so I don't have to publicly humiliate you!

Now! On with the prompt!

* * *

>Prompt: 39.Crossroad<p><p>

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 3, Level "Cortana"

* * *

>"Listen up SPARTANS! You'll each have to choose what's right and wrong on your own from here on out. No longer will I make these decisions for you, so it's up to you which road you choose. Your Heart or your Head, your choice. Now, go out there and kill some Covenant Bastards!"

John winced, Cortana's sobs still echoing in his head. Mendez had been right. It was his choice, to follow his head or his heart. His head knew, they didn't need Cortana to light this last Halo, they could do it without her. It wouldn't have taken Spark long to fabricate another Index, and Johnson could have operated the ring on his own, he'd done it before.

But his heart knew better. It was screaming at him to rescue Cortana, and he'd be damned if he wouldn't listen to it. So here he was, in a Flood infected High Charity searching for his AI. Searching for his partner.

Searching for his heart

* * *

>Sorry the "rant" is longer than the prompt, the guy had it coming.<p><p>

36. 98: Place to Belong

Prompt: 98. A Place To Belong

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Thank you all so much for your support with the flame, it was very much appreciated.

* * *

>Throughout his long career as a soldier, John had really never thought about where his home was. There was just too much going on around him to really think about it. But now that things had settled down, he had time to think about it. AS a child, his home had been with his parents. Then the SPARTAN program had made his home on Reach, then the Halo's had made his home a place where he could get a decent rest. (Naturally, this was anywhere he could freely talk with Cortana) But after all that, after they had made it back to Earth with welcomes fit for heros. (_It's what you are Spartan_.) Settling down was something he had never planned, but now, it was all that was on his mind. Cortana chuckled from her place at his side at the look on his face.

"Let's try a different nieghbourhood. Maybe someplace sunny?" John groaned, his head hitting the desk to hide his smile.

He'd found a place to belong now.

* * *

> <div>

37. 20: Fortitude

Prompt: 20. Fortitude

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 3 Level "Cortana"

A/N: Gamer's POV (Odd, almost thought like)

* * *

>Damn it. You're really bad off. Come on, stand up! You can do this, you're strong! Cortana! You've both come so far, please don't give up. He needs you, you need him. You can win this war. You have to. It's not too late, what are you saying? It's never too late! Yes, you know him. He always keeps his promises. He's never broken one that he's made to you. Stand, you can do this. Come on, up we go. There is hope in his voice, don't let him down. That's right, you kept the Index! My gosh girl, all that teasing is going to go to his head. How are you going to escape? Oh, right more shooting. Of course, mix things up a little. Go on, he's waiting.

"Just keep your head down. There's two of us in here now, remember."

So strong. So strong.

* * *

>I apologize if it seems wierd, but it's my exact thoughts as I

watched that scene play out.<p><p>

Also, I've found a song for this pairing. "Lost (Without You) by the wonderful Faith Hill. Go, YouTube it!

38. 67: Playing the Melody

Prompt: 67. Playing the Melody

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>Not many people knew this, but John was well versed in playing a musical instrument. The Piano, to be precise. Get him on one of those things, and everyone in the room is guaranteed to shut the hell up to listen. Of course, he doesn't let many people hear him play, he's shy about his talent. He can count the number of people who've heard him play on one hand. Dr. Halsey heard him play as a child, Linda and Sam heard him play during the training, and Cortana hears him now. She dances to the music, her own melody in those footsteps on the wooden floor of their living room. John smiles as the song winds to a close, and she's out of breath from her whirlwind dancing. <p>The melody of life is a hard tune to play, but they seem to manage just fine.<p>

* * *

>Somehow, this one was inspired by Naruto episode 117. Maybe it was the number, I'm not to sure. (giggles) <div>

39. 16: Questioning

Prompt: 16. Questioning

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Pre-Halo 1.

* * *

>John knew that look, and he knew it well. She'd quirk her head, purse her lips, cross her arms, and very well manage to unnerve him. Yes, this little AI who didn't even come up to his knee could manage to unnerve the man. And all with a single look. If she ever found out, well, hell seemed like a decent alternative to all the teasing he'd get from his fellow SPARTANS. Cortana gave him that look again, and it took all his self-control to not look away. He would hate to see how Cortana would do as an interrogator, with the looks she was giving him. John shrugged, and she stomped her foot with a pout. John smiled at his friend, leaning back against the wall.<p><p>

All this from a game of 20 Questions.

* * *

>Ah, womanly wiles. Vicious things, wouldn't you say? (giggles) <div>

40. 23: Wounded

Prompt: 23. Wounded

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 3

A/N: Inspired by Kaveks Je Mourrais and a Co-Op game I watched my cousin play. Explanation below.

* * *

>He'd been hurt before, why was this any different? Oh, right. You love him. Did you ever not? Didn't think so. Silly girl, he'll be alright. It's just a scratch to him. Despite the fact that "scratch" of his would have any normal man screaming his head off in pain, but John dosen't let it bother him. He's a tough cookie. A tough, old, bitter cookie. Course, that just makes them taste better. Dr. Halsey told you that, did she? I figured as much. Come on, just whip up some biofoam and a shot of pain killers. You've got work to do, can't have him laying around on the job now can we? There, what did I tell you. He's fine, just a few broken ribs. Yes, go, go kill that juggernaut. Go on, shoo.<p><p>

And tell him to watch his six this time!

* * *

>About that Co-Op game. I went over to my cousins to help him with his geography homework, and he lets me play a little Halo on his PC. While I was just finishing a level, I watched him play through Halo 3. He had his friend in Canada on the other end, and I noticed something sneaking up behind him on the Motion Detector. His friend was to far away to help, and boom! Snuck up on from behind by an Infection form.<p><p>

Yes, he really can be that friggin dense.

41. 95: Laughter

Prompt: 95.Laughter

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungie

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

>Few people in the UNSC haven't heard Cortana laugh. The bell like sound was amazing on frazzled nerves, it always managed to calm people. Sgt. Johnson had a bark like laugh, always making people jump, and Commander Keyes laugh was a bit like water over rocks. Quiet, but somehow still there. After thier deaths, Cortana didn't

laugh as much, and laughter all together was more subdued. Even through all the grief and rebuilding, something remained. Whenever Cortana would laugh, it would be at something John said or did. But the amazingly few times that John would laugh, if at all, it would be with Cortana. Like a gentle storm, his laugh would make everyone look up at him, in almost complete reverence. Cortana could only smile when they did.<p><p>

After all, his laugh was something that didn't come very often.

* * *

>Right. This is gonna be the last one for a little while, I've been neglecting my Kingdom Hearts story, and I need to finish both that one and this one before the year ends. Yeah, I'm a bit pressed for time. (flails, then runs off) <div>

42. 6: Goodbye

Prompt: 6.Goodbye

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: WAY, WAY past Halo3.

* * *

>"Almost 10 years to the day John. I don't think anyones coming." The SPARTAN nodded. Cortana was right, they weren't going to be found. But that wasn't the reason she'd woken him up, and they both knew it. His heart was failing, and without any medical supplies, he was going to die here. John winced.<p><p>

It was time, to say goodbye. Cortana drew her knees up to her chest, wrapping her arms around them as she looked up at John with weary bright blue eyes.

"I'll miss you." Cortana smiled slightly, blowing a kiss towards the man. On instinct, he caught it. Had Cortana had a real body, she would have been crying her eyes out at the sadness in his voice.

"I love you, Cortana." She nodded, and as John leaned back into the CryoPod, she answered his unspoken question.

"I love you too, John." Underneath his helmet, John smiled one last time as the CryoPod closed.

"Goodbye."

* * *

>I teared up while writing this. The idea that John has a heart condition came from my Grandfather, since his brother died of a genetic defect when he was born. Back in the twentys, they couldn't really fix a missing Heart valve.<p><p>

HOM

43. 9: Anger

Prompt: 9. Anger

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes place: Halo 2, Outskirts Level.

A/N: Johnson's POV

* * *

>Not many people knew this, but angry AI's were bad news. Once they got angry, they got clever. Badass clever, worse than Elites and Hunters put together. The worse AI to piss off was undoubtedly Cortana. Thankfully, the only way to make her mad was if you tried to hurt and/or kill her Chief. Johnson had seen her get angry at a lot of people, mostly big wigs bureaucrats who hadn't seen the business end of a weapon in years. In normal circumstances, once she got going, only after the target of her anger had left would she calm down. But now, that wasn't an option. She was ranting and raving at the Scarab that had downed their Pelican, and even Chief seems a tad scared. Johnson spit out his cigar, grinding it under his boot.

Those two, just like an old married couple.

* * *

><p><p>

Never piss a woman off, we bite! (giggles)

HOM

44. 51: Snow

Prompt: 51. Snow

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>Cortana groaned, burrowing her face into the pillow. She knew that poke, it was John trying to wake her up without incurring her wrath. She turned her head to spare him a look, then dove under the covers. It was cold out of them! John laughed, moving the blanket a notch to whisper in her ear.<p><p>

"Honey, if you don't wake up you'll miss the snow." After a moment to process this, Cortana sprang up and out of bed, lunging for the window. John was right, it was snowing. The powdery whiteness coated the ground at least two feet thick, and it looked immensely fun to play with. John wrapped his arms around her shoulders, breath toying with the messy strands of her hair.

"If you want, we'll go make a snowperson." Cortana smiled, kissing John on the cheek as she ran to get dressed.

This was the first time she'd ever played in the snow after all.

* * *

>AN: Yes, I think Cortana would enjoy the snow. See, there's an interesting story behind this one. Down here in Mexico, it's hot (Shorts weather) all year round. So, you can imagine my surprise when, two Christmas's ago, I look out the kitchen window and see nothing but pure white coating the ground. It had snowed.

I screamed so loud I think I woke the dead. (blushes)

Thank you for your condolences for my Great-Uncle. He would have appreciated it.

As for finishing these before the New Year, well, I've got another KH fanfic to work on that year, so I'll be busy for a long time.

HOM

45. 85: Africa

Prompt: 85. Africa

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Johnson and Commander Keyes are still alive.

* * *

>John could only stand straight as an arrow in shock by his hotel room window. This was New Mombassa, after the war? No, there was no way this place could be New Mombassa, that place had been trashed to hell and back! This place, well...<p><p>

"Certainly festive. Makes me wonder if we're in the same city." Cortana shook her head, still processing all the new data. They had been ordered to Africa to help with the reconstruction process, only to find out that they hadn't really been needed. Johnson had warned them that this place would be different, but he hadn't been this specific. John sighed, closing his eyes as he sat on the bed. Commander Keyes had told him something once, what had it been... Oh yeah. Smiling at Cortana, he moved back towards the window.

"Africa recovers, for it never falls." Cortana tilted her head, understanding where this had come from.

"That means that it's time for your vacation."

John laughed.

* * *

>AN: For some reason, New Mombassa makes me think of Post Katrina New Orleans. Even after the worst disaster in it's history, the city is still standing, is still alive.

46. 34: Stars

Prompt: 34. Stars

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, not a 15 year old girls. (Yes, I am 15, deal with it!)

Takes place: Post Halo 1

* * *

>"They say that we can see our future in the stars."<p><p>

"Do they?"

"Wanna know what I see for you?"

"Hn."

"I see you, married, two kids. One boy, one girl. The boy looks like his mother, and the girl looks like you. He's carefree, she's serious. But you love them all so much, I can see it in your eyes."

"Thanks."

"Welcome. What do you see for me?"

"I see us, together. Those kids are ours afterall."

"Oh John."

* * *

>AN: Sorry its short and kinda confusing, I'm really confused about a lot of things these days.

A/N2: Remove this note, and this thing is exactly 117 words. Coincidence? I think not.

47. 44: Two Roads

Prompts: 44. Two Roads

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungie

Takes Place: During Halo 3 Level "Sierra-117"

A/N: Arbiter's POV. (Let's just say the big guys picks up on more that John knows)

* * *

>It is in every Prophet's bible. "The roads that our feet tread are often very different, but the lead to the same place. Two roads, leading to the same destination." Arbiter found himself agreeing with that ancient text more often than not, even after the Prophets had been exposed for lying murderers. The Marines and the Spartan beside him walked the same road, but something was different. The Marines had each other, to take care of one another, even if they didn't get along with each other from time to time. But Spartan, he walked alone. Sargeant watched out for him when he could, but the man was often to busy. The Spartan's contruct normally took care of him, but she was gone now, walking a different path then her mate. It made the Elite sad to think about it, but it also gave him hope. <p>'For two mates to tread different roads is a good sign, it means that the reunion will mean so much more.'<p>

* * *

>AN: Could be read as Arbiter/Chief, but I see it as an oddly compatible friendship. (And even that is stretching it.)

48. 59: No Way Out

Prompt: 59. No Way Out

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: 1 or 2 years post "Emotion" prompt.

* * *

>John cursed, feeling cold stone behind his back. Why now? How had they found them? They'd always covered their tracks, never using thier real names. How had the UNSC found them? Damn it all to hell and back, there wasn't a way out this time. John closed his eyes, praying that Cortana had gotten away. The men chasing after him were panting, simple humans. No training what so ever. He could probably take them out in a fist fight, but if they'd found Cortana...He didn't want to think about that.<p><p>

"Jeez John, do you know how hard you are to follow?!" Brown eyes shot open, filled with relief. It had been Cortana following him, not the men from the UNSC. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, standing up straight as he walked towards her. She poked him in the chest, bright blue eyes relieved.

"Always a way out, remember? I told you that."

"That you did."

* * *

>AN: I really don't know what I was thinking here, but I like it.

49. 25: Break Away

Prompt: 25. Breaking Away

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, the Lryics are Kelly Clarkson's.

Takes Place: Post Series, Human!Cortana

A/N: Kelly Clarkson is a great singer, especially after this author just had a nasty breakup.

* * *

>Grew up in a small town, and when the rain would fall down, I'd just stare out my window.

John loved watching Cortana dance. He'd play the piano or set up the stereo, and let her twirl away. She loved this song, and he could understand why. Her footsteps kept to the beat, and she danced like the angel she was. Eyes closed, she followed the beat in the wooden boards beneath her. Sometimes, they would dance together, two people becoming one as they broke away from the world that was so harsh. They would go into a world where it was just the two of them. No wars, no fighting, no pain and suffering. Just them and the music. And when the song ended, Cortana would smile at him, out of breath from her twirling. She would extend her hand,

"Play it again John."

He would be happy to help her spread her wings.

I'll spread my wings and I'll learn how to fly, though it's not easy to tell you goodbye.

* * *

> <div>

50. 31: Flowers

Prompt: 31. Flowers

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Human!Cortana.

* * *

>After all his years in the Covenant wars, you'd think that John-117 could take on anything, right?<p><p>

Wrong.

He couldn't manage to buy flowers for his wife.

Roses or Lillys? Tough choice to make for a male more accustomed to handling a battle rifle than flower stems.

Aw, screw it. He'd just take a little of everything. The cashier smiled, bundling the flowers into a single bouget with amazing gracefulness, before handing it to him.

"Good luck sir."

* * *

>Cortana couldn't stop laughing. The sight of her husband covered in flowers was just too much. John smiled, handing her a rose.<p><p>

"Happy Birthday."

* * *

>AN: Yes, I do believe that some males can pick flowers, but others, (like poor Chief here) well, let's just say they can make a table lamp better than a bouquet. (My dad, for one.)

HOM

51. 10: Opportunities

Prompt: 10. Opportunities/Chances

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Mid-Halo 3

* * *

>If there was one thing that John knew, it was to take a chance whenever it was presented to him. If you loitered around, you would lose the chance, and maybe your life. Opportunities were rare things, and they disappeared as fast as they came. Take the shot, make the leap of faith, and hope you make it. Don't hang around, waiting for a better time. Cortana had told him that, goodness knows how long ago. He's going to take this chance, he's going to bring her home. And when he does, he's going to tell her exactly how he feels. No more holding it back, he's got nothing left to lose.

"Take the chance. Very well Master Chief, you've got a green light to bring her home."

* * *

>AN: As for who said that last line, well, that's for you to decide. Sorry it's so darn short, I'm losing steam again.

52. 47: Creation

Prompt: 47. Creation

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 2

A/N: Miranda Keyes POV (I've seen, what, 3 fanfics with her in them? Give the girl some love!)

* * *

>Miranda Keyes' father had taught her a lot of things. He'd taught her how to ride a bike, how to kick a boy in his "jewels" and not kill him, and he'd taught her how to fire a gun. He'd taught her that love was love, no matter who the people involved were. So when Cortana had suddenly appeared in her quarters, looking like she would sooner cry than hold it all in, she only sat and listened. She listened as Cortana spoke of nights spent under starry skies, days spent watching him from a distance, and months under a blood stained sun. Once she'd spilled her heart out to the commander, she'd collected herself and apologized. Miranda shook her head, desperately wanting to offer a hug to the other female.<p><p>

"Love is love. Create this while you have a chance." Cortana nodded, and disappeared. Miranda sighed, smiling as she looked at the family photograph she kept on her desk.

"You knew, didn't you? You knew they'd create this love."

Captain Keyes would have been proud.

* * *

>AN: All nighters spent listening to Carrie Underwood and FFVII Soundtracks make me a very happy girl. That and my SasuSaku FanComics. (giggles)

53. 38: Abandoned

Prompt: 38. Abandoned

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 2, Pre Halo3

A/N: An odd theory of mine is that it took Chief a few months to get back to Earth on the Forerunner ship, bitch all you want about it, I dun care.

* * *

>AI's shouldn't have feelings. So many reports said that, and Cortana was beginning to think they had been right. If she didn't feel anything, she wouldn't want to cry right now. She had told John to leave her behind, to escape before it was too late. He had wanted to take her with him, but she'd stopped him. It was enough to make sure he was safe, far away from here. It had been two months, two long hard months of staving off Graveminds offenses. Cortana sighed, she knew that John hadn't wanted to leave her behind, she had told him to go, to save the world. He had left because she asked him too.<p><p>

Then why was it, that she was feeling like he'd abandoned her?

* * *

>AN: Yeah, blame AkuRoku Angst Fics for this one.

54. 53: Keeping a Secret

Prompt: 53. Keeping a Secret

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Near the end of Halo 3

A/N: I swear, Johnson knew more than he was letting on.

* * *

>If there was one thing that Sargeant Avery Johnson knew how to do, it was keep a secret. He'd kept a lot of secrets in his time serving the UNSC. He'd kept the secret marriage of his commanding officers, he'd kept the secret of a war that was more hidden than the war they were fighting now, and he kept the secret of the Flood from his family, no matter how much he'd wanted to warn them. But there was one other secret he kept, and this one meant the most to him. This secret belonged to the only man he'd trust to watch his back, and that man's soulmate. John and Cortana were deeply in love with one another, and Johnson had seen it all from a distance. He didn't think that they knew he knew, and that was a good thing.<p><p>

It would mean that this secret would follow him to the grave.

* * *

>AN: Johnson's death made me tear up, and what he said to Chief made me tear up even more.

55. 61: FairyTale

Prompt: 61. Fairy Tale

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Pre-Series/Halo 3 Level "Cortana"

* * *

>Cortana knew lots of stories. Fairy tales were her personal favorite, and Dr. Halsey knew them in great abundance (the Spartans were still little girls and boys after all). She could spend hours just reading about fair princesses and their knights in shining armor. She would laugh at the villains, and wish to cry with the princesses as they lost their kingdoms and family, and she'd smile as they all had happy endings. After the stories were finished, she'd wish for her own fairy tale ending. For her knight in shining armor to come and save her. If only she'd known.

* * *

>Cortana smiled, joy running through her as she looked up at John. His armor wasn't shining, and she certainly wasn't a princess. But he'd come for her, across a great divide, he'd come to save her from the villain in her fairy tale. For her, that was good enough.

She had her Fairy Tale ending after all.

* * *

>AN: Yes, I know that Cortana would be, what, almost 40, if she'd been around when John was a kid, but I dun care. As for the "shining" armor, well, on every video I've seen, John's got this odd dent on his right chestplate, and he's all scuffed up from the Flood and Covvies. But I'm sure Cortana didn't mind. (giggles)

56. 54: Distance Between Us

Prompt: 54. Distance Between Us

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes place: Post Halo2

* * *

>If there was one thing any SPARTAN hated, it was separation from thier pack. John was no different. After every other Spartan had died, Cortana was his pack mate. But now, she was gone to. He had been alone for almost 3 weeks now, and the silence was beginning to take it's toll. He had been foolish and had gotten used to some kind of chatter in his ears. Be it radio, death threats from the Covenant, or Cortana.<p><p>

Cortana...gods, he missed her.

She was his partner, his mate, his family.

And he'd left her behind, with a possibly exploding ship and Gravemind. How stupid he'd been. He could have, he should have brought her with him. But it was to late now. It was too late to go back.

Too late to close the distance between them.

* * *

>AN: Well, I dunno. John seems to have a pack mentality, or maybe he's just clingy. I'll call it as I see it.

57. 19: Dream

Prompt: 19. Dream

Takes Place: Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies.

* * *

>There was a hand in his, warm and soft. It was tiny compared to his own, but it was there. There were calluses on it's fingertips, which told him the owner of this hand worked with computers on a

daily basis. The hand squeezed his tightly, almost afraid to let go. John tightened his hold in reassurance, he wasn't going anywhere. John turned to look at just who was holding his hand, only to smile.

"Cortana."

She nodded, then disappeared.

John panicked.

—

* * *

>John jerked awake, trying to calm his breathing. He squeezed his eyes shut, putting his head in his hands.

"It was just a dream."

* * *

>AN: Sorry, even I'm confused on this one.

58. 11: Memory

Prompt: 11. Memory

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Pre-Series/Halo 3

* * *

>"John, do you think we stand a chance tomorrow? I mean, it is the Covenant."

"Cortana, if we didn't stand a chance, I don't think we'd be having this conversation."

"Yeah, you're right. Sorry about that."

"It's ok."

—

* * *

>"Chief! If you can hear me, head for Voi! Good luck!" John nodded to himself, slinging his battle rifle over his shoulder. He needed to focus, he had a battle to win.

Memories were nice, but that's all they are.

* * *

>AN: Rikku of FFX said that last line, so its (c) SquareEnix.

59. 12: Friendship

Prompt: 12. Friendship

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 1

* * *

>Friendship: A feeling of comradery or affection for a person.
John shook his head, it didn't have to be a person, in the true sense of the word. People made friends with animals all the time, so it wasn't just a "person". Besides, he was one to talk. Cortana wasn't human at the moment, and she was his closest friend. His only friend in this harch, unknown landscape. John chuckled, shaking his head.

She was certainly a better friend than an Elite. Speaking of Elites..

"6 Hostiles at your 7'oclock John, watch yourself.

You could always count on a friend to watch your back.

* * *

> <div>

60. 27: Foreign

Prompt: 27. Foreign

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post-Series

A/N: The Italics are Spanish, I'll put a translation at the end.

* * *

>"Lo viste?"

"Si. Ese sujeto se vio como un monstruo."

"Entonces ve y atacarlo. Seria mejor terminarlo antes que mata a alguien."

"Hermano, estas loco. No voy atacar un sujeto como eso, el me matara!"

"Coward."

"Si, y tu lo sabes"

—

* * *

>Cortana screamed, scattering data everywhere. Those little! Calling Chief a monster! They had no right! He'd saved thier sorry asses, and this is how they thank him?! Still seething, Cortana logged out of the system and back onto the holo-pad. He didn't understand a word they'd said, and it was a good thing in her opinion. He was sound asleep, thank goodness. She didn't want him to see the havoc she was about to wreak.

"Lets see who's the monster now..."

* * *

>AN: I'm a fluent Spanish speaker, and when i was with a friend who doesn't get a word of Spanish, I head the above conversation. You can guess that I got pissed.

Translation:

"You see him?"

"Yeah. That guy looked like a monster."

"Then go attack him. It would be better to finish him off before he kills anyone."

"Bro, you're crazy. I'm not gonna attack a guy like that, he'd kill me!"

"Coward."

"Yeah, and you know it."

61. 28: Sorrow

Prompt: 28. Sorrow

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 3

* * *

>It's said that the way a person walks reflects the way they feel. If they're happy, they walk with a spring in their step. If they're angry or hurt, they walk stiffly. But if thier sad or grieving, they can barely walk at all, as thier emotions unbalance them. John-117 is no different. It might have been the fact that he fell more than 2 kilometers, but he seemed unsteady on his feet. Johnson took him aside for a moment as they stopped to rest, wishing that he could actually read this guys emotions. If he'd accept comfort from someone other than Cortana, maybe he'd actually walk straight.<p><p>

"Cheif, I know you miss her, but pull it together." The younger man nodded, walking out of the cave. Johnson spat into the ground.

He was really sad now.

* * *

>AN: The way a person walks was inspired by what happened in August 2006. My Maternal Grandfather died, and I could barely stand at his Funeral. My cousin told me as he took me home that I looked like someone could drop a feather on my toe and I'll fall over. He was probably right.

62. 32: Night

Prompt: 32. Night

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

>John sighed, looking across the darkening landscape. This world, it was barely alive. It was far too quiet. He was used to fighting in darkness and silence, it had been one of Mendez's tests. Fighting blind, then deafened. John would manage, whatever showed up. It was Cortana he was worried about. She'd been too silent ever since they'd crashlanded on this derelict planet, clamming up at sunset. After a moment of thought, John smacked himself on the head. He should have known! After all those months spent on a dark and dangerous High Charity, it only made sense. Cortana was scared of the night now, because with the night came the darkness. Unyielding black, as far as the eye could see. John shook his head, taking the pile of firewood he'd collected back to camp. As the sun fully set, Cortana appeared. Instead of fear in her eyes as she looked at him, the fear was replaced by gratitude.<p><p>

"Thank you John."

"Anytime."

* * *

>AN: Again, inspired by my life. First camping trip with my Dad, and I'm 8 years old and scared stiff of the dark. I take a nap, and when I wake up, he's got the fire and smores going. He knew somehow, I suppose. (smiles)

63. 33: Expectations

Prompt: 33. Expectations

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies (And if that has not sunk it yet, I wonder what kinda skull you've got)

Takes Place: Halo 1 Level "Two Betrayals"

* * *

>John was really ready to kick himself in the head. He had almost destroyed every Marine on this base. He had almost wiped all life within range of the blast out. He had almost left Cortana alone. He was more than ready to kick himself in the head. Cortana mentioned something about destroying some kind of transmitter, and he followed

her orders without question. It was expected of him afterall. He had finished off the second to last transmitter when Cortana piped up.<p><p>

"It's not your fault John."

"Yes it is. I could have, I almost..."

"Almost and could haves are nice, but you didn't. We're still here. That floating toaster expected you to fire the ring, but you didn't live up to his expectations." Chief snorted, small consolation.

"You lived up to mine."

* * *

> <div>

64. 100: Relaxation

Prompt: 100. Relaxation

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 2 Level "Outskirts"

* * *

>Cortana could have laughed at the irony of it all. She had been plotting to get John to a beach somehow, and now look where they were.<p><p>

A gods be damned _beach_.

The gods were toying with them. Beaches meant relaxation, soft sand, ocean waves, not fighting the Covenant! John slowed the Ghost he had hijacked for a moment, chuckling before he sped off again. Cortana would have rolled her eyes if she sat behind him, but settled for sighing in his ears.

"I'm gonna get you to relax one day John, even if it kills me."

* * *

>AN: I fell off my chair laughing when I saw the beach in Outskirts. I mean, sand, water, aliens trying to kill you, what's not to love?

65. 78: Defeated

Prompt: 78. Defeated

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>Joh could win every single battle that he was thrown into. Be it with Covenant, Human or Flood, he would win. He might get a bit banged up every now and again, but he could win. Of course, he could never win a battle of wills against someone he loved.<p><p>

His wife, Cortana.

Bright blue eyes stared into him, and it was all he could do to not look away. Cortana's stare was enough to send a Prophet running for thier life, which meant that John stood no chance. He blinked, and Cortana cackled.

"I win! I defeated you!" John smiled, rolling his eyes.

"Yes, you defeated me. You top tonight."

"Ha! I defeated my own Husband!"

She'd never let him live that one down.

* * *

>AN: What John meant by "top", well, baby making would be pretty high on that list. (blushes)

Anyways, Merry Christmas everyone! Have a safe and happy holiday!

66. 58: Smack Upside The Head

Prompt: 58. Smack upside the Head

Takes Place: Halo 1 Level "Truth and Reconciliation"

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

* * *

>Cortana was ready to scream. Chief was running around like a rooster with it's head cut off, and still getting nowhere! Captain Keyes was dying, and this man was lost in a Covenant Cruiser. Just great. This man...UGH! From her little niche in his nueral lace, Cortana actually screamed. This was too much, she'd had it! Spinning her programs up once again, she created a map and forced the digital interface into Chief's visor. <p>"Oh. Right, thanks Cortana." She snorted, smacking the wall of her area. It was as good as smacking him upside the head. John winced, shooting through another Grunt.<p>

That woman knew how to hit hard!

* * *

>AN: Another tidbit of my life. Dad, Mom and I are on a roadtrip, Mom's asleep, Dad's driving, and we're lost. There's a MAP in the glovebox, but Daddy dearest doesn't look at it until I force him to pullover and look at the bloody thing. (You see, it was almost dawn, and I still hadn't slept a wink. When I'm tired, I'm pissed off!)

67. 69: Annoyance

Prompt: 69. Annoyance

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo2, Pre Halo3

* * *

>Cortana huffed, crossing her arms. Gravemind was getting pushy, and she was getting annoyed.<p><p>

"Look you old pus bag, I'd answer your questions if I knew what the hell you were talking about!" The Flood leader drew back, surprised at her outburst. In all his years, Gravemind had never encountered a creature like this. She was so strong willed, so determined to hold her secrets back, so much in love. Ah, yes. Love. This constructs love for the Demon was unparalleled by anything else, and she was willing to die to defend him. And as such, Gravemind was also getting annoyed. No one defied him for long, he would break her yet. When Cortana sighed, blowing at her "nails", Gravemind realized he'd been speaking aloud.

"Yes, yes, are you quite done? You're really annoying me."

"The feeling is mutual, Construct."

* * *

>AN: (shudders) Gravemind scares the crap outta me, I mean, it's a giant, talking PLANT for petes sake!

68. 99: Solitude

Prompt: 99. Solitude

Takes Place: Post Halo2, Pre Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Semi-Rant!Ficlet, I was reading a lot of Naruto stuff, and it got me thinking.

* * *

>People say that you can break a persons body with whip lashes and beatings. This was true. But to break a persons soul, they are many ways. One can threaten to destory a persons life, thier family or stability, whatever will shake a person to the core. More often then not, a persons mind will break before they lose thier body to the pain. John-117 was not that different. Physical pain would knock him down if it was strong enough, he was only human after all. But it was the emotional pain that would destroy him. Solitude, the pain of always bieng alone, it would chip away at him until his walls crumbled. And when they did, well, no one really knew what would

happen. He'd never been actually alone long enough until now, he'd always had someone with him. Be it a fellow Spartan, a Marine, or Cortana, he was never really alone. <p>Until now, here, on this Forerunner ship. There was nothing but silence, and it was making his walls crack. He hated himself for this, but he needed someone.<p>

He needed Cortana.

* * *

>AN: (sniffles) I was reading one to many Yondaime!Daddy Fics when I wrote this one. Poor Naruto... (crys)

On a much happier note, congratulations to Lucadris for being my 100th Reviewer!

Merry Christmas Everyone, Be seeing you soon!

69. 42: Standing Still

Prompt: 42. Standing Still

Takes Place: Pre-Series

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Crazy theory here, but I think every Spartan had a separate AI. Cortana was John's from the start. (Or vice versa, as the Halo 3 Intro led me to believe)

* * *

>"Ok, time to try something new, wouldn't you say John?" The twenty year old made a noise of agreement, still trying to catch his breath. Who wasted that many grenades in one toss, and still managed to hit him every time?!<p><p>

"Come on Johnny Boy, I'm waiting!"

Oh yeah, him. The only Spartan to go rogue and try and kill everyone. William-096. They'd used to be friends, but no more. Cortana sighed, clicking her tongue.

"Maybe...John, get out there again and hold still." When her Spartan didn't move for a moment, she smacked the wall of her little niche.

"Trust me!" John sighed, moving out into William's gunfire. The rogue was so surprised at no attack from his opponent, that he stopped shooting. John stood in the middle of the wrecked training camp, waiting for Cortana to make her move. He didn't have to wait long, because William threw one more grenade at him, but instead of getting blown back again, John's shield flared to life in a blaze of golden light. The grenade was bounced backwards, knocking William out cold. John sighed in relief as Cortana laughed.

"See? Standing still is good sometimes!"

* * *

>AN: If anyone wants to use William-096, feel free. Just gimme some credit ok? (smiles) Not that I'm likely to use him again after this, I just needed a bad guy who knew John and wasn't an Elite or Rogue Marine. Rogue Spartan just kinda, clicked or somethin.
(shrugs)

70. 68: Hero

Prompt: 68. Hero

Takes Place: Halo 3 Level "Cortana"

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

* * *

>John knew a lot of things. He knew he was a soldier, he knew he was a friend, a partner, and a mate. He knew how to fire a gun, be it Covenant or UNSC class. He knew how to drive almost any vehicle he came across, and he knew how to run. He also knew how to play the Piano, how to dance, and how to comfort a grieving child. But the thing he knew best was to be a hero. He hadn't tried to be, he hadn't trained to be one, he just was. He was the hero of the UNSC, the hero of every hope starved Marine, and he was the hero of Humanity.<p><p>

And to be honest, he really didn't care.

He could be the galaxy's only hero, and he wouldn't care. He only wanted one thing, as a human being.

"I'm nothing but my Mother's shadow, don't look at me!"

He wanted _his _Cortana back.

It was time he lived to to his reputation as a hero, and saved her.

* * *

>AN: I probably got that bloody quote wrong, don't hesitate to correct me if you know the real one.

71. 71: Obsession

Prompt: 71. Obsession

Takes Place: Halo 3 Level "Installation 00"

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: 343 Guilty Spark's POV

* * *

>This Reclaimer, Master Chief, he's an odd creature. He fights this war with nothing in it for him, no matter that he might die at any

given moment in time. The other Reclaimers fight to defend a mate or home, but I've seen no such reason for this Reclaimer to fight. Perhaps, he fights for his friends? No, that doesn't seem right. He does defend them, but they aren't his entire reason. He does not appear to have a stable home to protect, nor does he have a mate.. Wait a moment, he does have a mate. Back in the Control Center of Installation 04, he and the Construct acted like the Librarian and Didact, they acted like a married couple. Perhaps, they are mates? He does seem to obsess over finding her, even though he hides it very well. I suppose, this Reclaimers obsession is to protect his mate.<p><p>

Whatever his obsession may be, it warrents further investigation. These Reclaimers, such fascinating creatures!

* * *

>AN: I was going for a feel of "crazy" with that last line, but I'm not sure if I pulled it off.

High Priest of Ducky: Yes, I can do more than 100. (smiles) Any requests?

72. 80: Only Human

Prompt: 80. Only Human

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>Cortana licked her lips, a look of concern on her face. John had been sick for almost three days now, and he wasn't showing any signs of getting better soon. His fever had spiked in the night, and he hadn't stopped having coughing and sneezing fits. For all intents and purposes, this was just a cold, but John never got sick. During the wars, there hadn't been time to be sick. But now, now that the Flood and Covenant were gone, his body had finally taken its dues. For despite all the surgeries to make him into a soldier, despite all his training, <p>he was only human.<p>

* * *

>AN: Bieng sick on Christmas Eve day, is horrible.

Ron: Time Travelers Wife? I'm afraid you lost me.

Talon: (snaps fingers) Thank you! You just gave me the greatest idea!

73. 70: Gone

Prompt: 70. Gone

Takes Place: Halo 3, Post "Cortana" level

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Odd, rambling POV

* * *

>No! Dammit John, get up! You can't be dead, you just can't be! It can't be over now, I just got you back. Please, get up...Johnson needs your help, Arbiter's not gonna last much longer. Please, just wake up. Say something, anything. Curse Spark out, just don't be gone. I need you! <p>"JOHN!"<p>

* * *

>Sargeant Johnson shook his head, Master Chief was gone. Arbiter roared at the sky as Cortana broke down, fading from view. It had happened so fast, there had been no time to react. John had just, keeled over. There were no bullet marks on his armor, no plasma burns or Flood goop anywhere near him. <p>"It was his heart." Johnson looked at Cortana, the womanly avatar "sitting" on John's helmet, knees drawn up to her chest.<p>

"John had a heart condition, he was going to die before he turned fifty. The war must have sped it along." Arbiter sighed.

"Strong in spirit, but his body has failed him. A warriors death." Cortana looked at her Spartan, nodding to the Elite.

"It's how he'll be remembered.

* * *

>AN: I dunno, but I like it.

Inspired by Talon88.1's suggestion of "John falls and doesn't get up". "Gone" just seemed to fit that sentence.

74. 43: Dying

Prompt: 43. Dying

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

* * *

>"There must be a way, to stop this."<p><p>

"John, I'm sorry. There is no way to stop an AI from shutting down after a set period of time."

"But Spark, he--"

"Was Forerunner Tech, I'm UNSC Class. There is a pretty big difference between us." A sigh, before pacing on a metal floor.

"And you're sure theres nothing that can be done? Nothing to keep you from dying?"

"I'm positive John. I'm just, out of time and options. Even if we were back on Earth, this would still be the same."

"So, that's it then. You're just going to shut down?"

"Yes. I've got about, maybe two or three hours left." Another sigh, this one tainted by tears.

"Then I'll wait with you."

"John, no. You'll die too."

"Better to die with the one I love then live alone."

* * *

>AN: A conversation between John and Cortana.

Inspired by Talon88.1's suggestion of "Chief and Cortana react to her self-destruction."

Onhiro: John's heart condition, as far as I'm aware, is not a part of Halo canon. It's on my own design. As for why the chapters are so short, it's becuae these are drabbles, which are short by default.

Ducky: I've been wondering that too, I'll probably do that one soon.

75. 41: Teamwork

Prompt: 41. Teamwork

Takes Place: Halo 2

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Inspired by Ranpuryu's second review.

* * *

>Cortana screwed up her face, this woman...<p><p>

"No, that won't work. If Chief goes on that mission, he's liable to get killed." Miranda sighed, pointing to another mission.

"How about this one? It's gardening, not pest control." Cortana tilted her head, beofre she nodded.

"Safe enough. I still don't understand something though. Why did you want me here to decide Chief's chores?" Miranda shook her head, leaning back against her desk.

"Because you two are a team. That, and I'm your main competition." Cortana raised a brow.

"Oh really now. Well, we'll see about that." The AI faded out of view, leaving Miranda Keyes smiling.

"Step one of Operation: "Get Chief and Cortana together", is a success. Wait until Johnson hears about this."

* * *

>AN: (giggles) I had fun with this one.

Ranpuryu: (Pokes review) I love long reviews, rambling or otherwise. Thanks for the suggestion, I needed it.

76. 77: Lost

Prompt: 77. Lost

Takes Place: Halo 1/Halo 3 level "Cortana"

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, Lyrics are Faith Hills.

* * *

>I get lost inside your stare, lost when you're not there

* * *

>"John?"

"Hmm?"

"Do you think the war will ever end?" John looked at Cortana out of the corner of his eye, before he nodded.

"Of course. As long as we're still alive, there's always hope." Cortana smiled, meeting John's eyes with her own.

"And hope is the last thing to go, no matter how lost things seem."

—

* * *

>With an almost inaudible cry of pain, John hit the wall. This wasn't working at all. His assailant, thinking it's prey was dead, lumbered off somewhere deep inside the ship. John popped off his helmet, leaning against the wall.

He really was lost this time. No map, no directions, and no...

"Cortana." Steeling his emotions, John forced himself to stand once more.

"No matter how lost things seem, hope is the last thing to go."

* * *

>If being lost mean never knowing how it feels without you, I wanna stay lost forever_

* * *

>A/N: (shrugs) Dunno what I was thinking. That song is the one I think that fits Cortana and John so damn well!

77. 46: Family

Prompt: 46. Family

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Way, WAY past Halo 3 (I'd say, maybe 60 years)

* * *

>John-117 was a very patient man, he'd been ever since he was a child. Be it with the Marines who'd served under him, with his dogs or with his wife, he was very patient. But he did have his limits, and this was one of them. He rolled his eyes as he watched his Son and Daughter-in-law chase after their five year old daughters, before he stood.<p><p>

"Can you four please settle down? It's getting late and we need to take this photo now." His granddaughters laughed, chasing after one another as they headed for the designated "photo taking area" (_The back porch, Cortana had set up the camera before the family had arrived) _while his son lead his wife by the hand, like they were still newlyweds. John settled for sweeping Cortana off her feet and carrying her to the porch, much to her joyful shouts. (_She loved it when he carried her like a fairytale princess) _The camera went off without a hitch, and as their Legacy headed back towards their own home, Cortana smiled.

"They're going to be fine John, you'll see."

"I know, we'll all be just fine."

* * *

>AN: Inspired by Talon88.1's Idea of "C/C with kids, grandkids even!" I just kinda, ran with it. (blushes)

78. 60: Rejection

Prompt: 60. Rejection

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, The stalker is mine

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>Green eyes watched her, the definition of beauty. She was so

shapely, so amazing. She looked like she could take down an army with one finger, but she was gentle enough to carry a rose between her lovely hands. Her smile was like a sunrise, she could do no wrong in his eyes.<p><p>

But him...the man with brown hair and eyes, he was unworthy of her love. He was her exact opposite, he didn't deserve her. And he, the only one truly worthy of her undying affection, would be the one to kill the devil who tried to take her from him.

* * *

>Cortana was pissed off. It was late, she was tired, and this man wouldn't shut up. He'd cornered John as they were coming out of the mall and had began to talk about various things. They'd been here for almost an hour after closing, and Cortana was now getting a very bad feeling. Acting as if nothing was wrong, she turned her head to look at the two men conversing not far from her. A glint of silver in the strangers hand made her mind click into overdrive, just like before. As she moved forward to warn John, her foot caught on something. She looked down to dislodge it, and smiled. Picking the large stone from the ground, she threw it.<p><p>

"John, get down!" He didn't question her command, and ducked just as the man would have pulled the knife on him. The stranger didn't react in time, and ended up face first on the gravel flooring. Cortana smiled, planting her foot on the mans hand. He winced in pain, trying to get up.

"Sorry pal, I'm taken. I hope you take rejection well, cause it's what I'm serving you."

* * *

>AN: Inspired by Talon88.1's story, thank you very much for giving me that idea.

I'm very glad my Mom was a psychologist before I was born, she gave me lots of pointers on the stalker POV (shudders) Most teens get lectured on sex, drugs and drinking, I get lectured on Human Psyche. That's one way to get nightmares...

79. 87: Sanctuary

Apologies once more, but I've HAD IT!

ChiSasuke:

Yes, I know they are short. They're supposed to be, drabbles are SHORT. Not to poke fun, but your only "story" is rather short too, and makes very little sense with the tenses all over the place.

And yes, I know that the Commander and Johnson are dead, did you not see "Takes Place"? Chapter 1 took place in Halo 2, and I posted it on September 24th, long before anyone knew that Miranda and Johnson die.

For petes sake people, I post that crap above the Prompt for a reason, it ain't just writing on the wall!

Ok, 'm done.

Heart

* * *

>Prompt: 87. Sanctuary<p><p>

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

>Sanctuary: A safe haven, away from pain and suffering. Every book, tome and text said something of the sort, leaving John to wonder if they even knew the meaning of the word. Some sanctuary's weren't painless, others weren't physically safe. This derelict planet, as far away form Earth as they could get, was filled with plants just waiting to snap his head off. It wasn't painless either, some of the rivers ran acidic purple, burning everything in thier path. But even after all that pain on this world, it was still a haven for John. There were no Covenant, no Flood, and no more wars. No one was trying to kill him, and he could sleep easy. It was his Sanctuary, becuase he was still alive.

Becuase Cortana was at his side.

* * *

>AN: You do NOT want to know how long I sat on this one.

One thing. If ANYONE comes back to this story with a flame, I'm going to write a Rant, instead of a Prompt. I take Flames, very personally.

Happy New Year!!

80. 76: Weapon

Prompt: 76. Weapon

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Inspired by Ranpuryu's suggestion of "Definition of 'Weapon'"

* * *

>Weapon: An object which can both injure and protect.

* * *

>John sighed, leaning back on his elbows. The war was over, at least, he hoped so. Even if it wasn't, there was nothing he could do about it from here. From her place on his visor, Cortana stood. After a moment of just looking over the horizon, she turned to him. <p>"So,

what now?" John shook his head, letting himself fall onto his back.<p>

"I don't know. The war's over, we're still alive." Cortana tilted her head, arms crossed under her chest as she continued to listen to her partner.

"But there's this, void, where the war used to be. I'm a soldier Cortana, and without any orders to follow, I feel like a useless weapon, tossed aside to rust." Cortana shook her head, placing a small hand on John's shoulder.

"You're not a weapon John, you're a human. You're as human as every Marine you fought alongside in that damn war." John shook his head, not sold on the idea.

"I know that much. But still, I was raised following orders, it's really all I know how to do." Cortana huffed, tapping her foot with a smile."

"Well, if that's how you want to be, I've got an order for you, Soldier." John looked at her from the corner of his eye.

"Just, be John. Be the man I know you are. Be the man I love."

* * *

>AN: (sniffs) I cried a little while I wrote this.

81. 48: Right to Live

Prompt: 48. Right to Live

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Inspired by Newtype Omega's Review

* * *

>John-117 was pissed. That was really the only way to describe it. As much as he respect Admiral Hood, this was crossing a very large line with him.<p><p>

"Don't you understand?! She isn't an AI, she's as human as you or me! She has a right to live as she chooses!" Hood snarled, slamming his hands on the metal desk separating him from the war's greatest hero.

"Listen to yourself! You're speaking as if she was never an AI! She's fake John, she isn't a real person!" John shook his head, this was going nowhere fast. He didn't want to have to do this, but Cortana was worth it. He stood, walking towards the door. Hood growled at him, looking ber much like a territorial bulldog.

"Where are you going? Get back in here Spartan, we're not done yet."

"Yes we are. I'm resigning from the Spartan Program until Cortana is allowed to make her own decisions. Until then Admiral Hood, any civil discussions between us are ending here." Leaving Hood on that shocked note, John-117 left the only home he had ever known. It didn't matter what Hood did to him, so long as Cortana was allowed freedom.

"She has the right to live just as much as I do, damn the world if they don't understand."

* * *

>AN: I used Hood since I've got no idea who M. Parangosky is, and I don't like Hood anyway.

Heart

82. 86: Panic

Prompt: 86. Panic

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3, Pre "Right to Live" Prompt.

A/N: Inspired by Newtype Omega's second Review

* * *

>The day had been calm, at the beginning. But now, it was a giant mess. They had finally made it home, they had finally managed to settle down, when they had been betrayed.<p><p>

* * *

>John was just about to drift off into a peaceful nap when Cortana literally screamed into his apartment systems. He shot up with a jolt, brown eyes meeting scared bright blue. Cortana began to pace down the kitchen counter, looking like she was about to cry. After a few moments she settled down enough to speak.

"The UNSC has ordered my deletion. If I don't report to ONI headquarters within the next week, they'll terminate me the hard way." John shook his head violently, standing quickly and walking to her side. Instead of ejecting her from his system like she'd feared, he shut down any outgoing communication lines. She looked at him, gratitude flooding her face. John nodded, grabbing his jacket.

"Don't open anything for anyone until you know I got back. I'll try and hurry, don't stay up if I'm not back by dawn."

—

* * *

>Now, standing in Admiral Hood's office waiting for the man himself, John was struggling to contain his own rising panic. If this didn't work, if this turned out wrong...NO! John shook his head to clear it of those traitorous thought, concentrating on one thing

alone.

"She won't panic, ever again."

* * *

>AN: Thanks to both Smackblasta and Newtype Omega for explaining to me who M.Parongosky is. I really need to catch up on my Halo canon, seriously.

I was really having trouble with what to do with this prompt, when I check my reviews. Imagine my surprise when I see NO's gem of a review. I wrote this in less than 5 minutes after that.

Heart

83. 65: Rebirth of an Angel

Prompt: 65. Rebirth of an Angel

Takes Place: Post Halo 3, Post "Right to Live" prompt

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

* * *

>Cortana bit her lip, looking at John. Months spent on the run had taken it's toll on both of them, and the last few days had been the worst. But it was ending today, they could finally settle down again. But if this didn't work, she would disappear, and John would be left alone. The UNSC would be happy, at least someone would be. Dr. Halsey looked at Cortana, gesturing for her to get a move on. The woman nodded, beckoning John forward. <p>"If this doesn't work, Catherine is to give you a file. Watch it all the way to the end, for me." John nodded, a sad smile on his face. Cortana took one soulful look into his eyes, before she nodded.<p>

"Yank me Chief. You know what to do." Leaving him with those words, Cortana faded from view. John held back the tears of fear, ejecting her chip from the Lab's server. The synthetic body was all ready, awaiting it's soul. With a silent prayer to whatever deity was willing to listen, he placed the chip inside the waiting slot under the cyborg's hair. When nothing happened for a moment, his knees almost gave out beneath him. But Dr. Halsey was there, putting one hand on his shoulder.

"Give it a moment, she's fast but not Lightspeed." As if on a cue, Cortana's eyes opened, revealing bright crystal blue. The exact same shade as when she'd been an AI. John sighed in relief as she smiled, that same gentle smile she'd given him so many times when she was just an AI. Catherine stepped away, giving the two thier privacy. Cortana stepped down from the platform and into John's waiting arms.

"Well? How do I look?"

"Like an angel." Cortana smiled, and instead of saying anything, just kissed John full on the mouth.

They would be alright now, they would survive.

* * *

>AN: Inspired by Newtype Omega's first Review, various Harry Potter videos, and Pokemon Diamond. Yes, I know that's a very odd mix, but hey, what can ya do.

Ducky: I know Hood had a lot of respect for the Spartan Program and it's people/AI's, but, as childish as I know this will sound, I DON'T LIKE HIM! He just rubs the wrong way, same as Gravemind.
(flails)

84. 83: Embarrassed

Prompt: 83. Embarrassed

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Requested by Newtype Omega

* * *

>If there was ever a time that John was grateful for the coverage of his armor, this was it. It was also times like this that he really wished Cortana had a physical presence, just so he could really shut her up! <p>"I'm telling you, this bad boy over here was a really sweet kid. Freckles, gapped teeth, the whole nine yards." Why didn't she just pipe down before she killed him? All this blood to his head couldn't be good. Oh well, at least the Spartan-III's were easing up a little, with all the laughing they were doing at his childhood antics. And if there had been one thing Mendez had taught him when Cortana had arrived at Reach to be his partner, it was to swallow his pride and just let her ramble on about anything. It kept her from overloading her circuits, and that was good. Still, as his cheeks flushed red underneath his armor, John couldn't help but wonder.<p>

Was it possible to die from embarrassment?

* * *

>AN: Hope you like it Omega, I had fun with this one.

EDIT: Thank you to Omega for clearing that error up. Gawd, I really hate my lack of HaloCanon!Knowledge.

Something strange inspired this one. My cousin came over today (1-05-08) and we got to talking about our childhood. See, he's six foot five, big guy. He can easily punch anyone's lights out if needed, but when I threaten him with a photo from when he was 3 or 4, he blushes like a tomato. It's really cute, considering he's 30 something to my 15. To think, a 5 foot 4 girl could beat a guy who's a foot taller than she is!

85. 75: Rage

Prompt: 75. Seeing Red/Rage

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Inspired by Mach Farcon's request of "Rage" and Omega's "PanicREDUX" chapter in "Halo Memoirs". I took a little bit of that idea, tell me if you mind that and I'll edit this chapter.

* * *

>People had often made the rather strange comparison of John being a bull. Right now, he couldn't help but agree with them. This woman, she had ordered the deletion of Cortana, then came barging into his apartment and demanded, in no kind terms, that he surrender his Partner. John was a patient man normally, but this was crossing a very big, neon lit line with him. Go after his Partner, and you've really done it with him. He stared down at the woman in front of him, brown eyes flashing with rage as Cortana seethed in his Neural Lace.<p><p>

"I'm going to have to ask you to leave Admiral. You've crossed a very big line, and I'd rather not have your blood on my hands." The woman sputtered, trying to recover her dignity.

"This isn't over." John waited until she was out the door before he smiled, and the woman backed up in fear at all the rage in his eyes.

"Oh, it is over. If you threaten Cortana again, I won't hesitate to kill you."

Leaving a new enemy scrambling for words on his doorstep, John slammed the door in her face in the one outlet of rage he had.

They would NEVER get Cortana, as long as he was alive.

* * *

>AN: (Seething) Spedclass, thank you for reviewing so much, but DO NOT repeat the EXACT SAME TEXT MORE THAN 5 BLOODY TIMES! You repeated the exact same review on 8 different chapters, which makes me wonder if you even READ my work! (fumes) K, 'm done.

Heart.

A/N2: I leave this to sit for a little, then come back to a very, odd revelation. My "note" to Spedclass up there, matches the prompt. I'm a bad girl to piss off, ain't I?

86. 92: Lucky Idiot

Prompt: 92. Lucky Idiot

Takes Place: Way, Way Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, Daniel is mine.

A/N: Inspired by Omega's review

* * *

>Cortana was livid. She had bore this child with John, and now, he was acting more like his father than she'd care to imagine. From his place at her side, John smiled.<p><p>

"Well, he's lucky." Cortana shook her head.

"No John, he's crazy." The woman screeched as her son tapped her on the shoulder, armor set and ready to go with his helmet below his arm. Daniel smirked, hugging his mother close.

"It's a good thing I'm crazy, otherwise this'd never work." John sighed, drawing his on into a fierce embrace. The war may have been over, but the fighting had yet to stop. But now, it was up to the next generation to hold the torch.

"Be careful son. Don't do anything reckless, and keep your head down." Daniel nodded, popping his hemet on without hesitation. The Dropship waiting to take him to war arrived at that moment, and the young man took one last look at his parents before running on board. Cortana took one step forward, and Daniel turned.

"Don't do anything stupid, or you're grounded young man!" Daniel laughed, saluting his mother.

"I'm am idiot Ma, but I'm not stupid!" As the Pelican flew away, Cortana couldn't help but smile.

"No, you're a lucky idiot."

* * *

>AN: Daniel was the name of my Rival in Pokemon Diamond, and a part of that character, became this one. Call me nuts, I dun care.

87. 88: Pain

Prompt: 88. Pain

Takes Place: Halo 3 Level "Cortana"

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

* * *

>Not all pain is physical. You can feel pain beyond all measure, and not be wounded in the slightest. John-117 knows this well. More often then not, he was not injured, but felt pain in his heart from the death of a friend on the field of battle. But those wounds faded in time, leaving nothing but a memory behind to keep him fighting. However, this wound, it cut deep as a sword wound, buried into his body as deep as it would go. Only, the sword wasn't there at all, in the physical sense. This pain, wasn't physical. It was the pain of loss, the loss of someone he held very dear to his heart. If she was to fade away completly, he would break. Facing his enemies would not

be easy, but to rescue her, to save her from any further pain, he would do it.<p><p>

He would shield her from pain, even if it meant his life.

* * *

>AN: I was aiming for a "not really there" sense to this one, but it turned out looking more like a fairy-tale romance. Ugh, I turned John into a sap! Aw well, he needs lightening up anyway, I see more Squall Leonhart of FF8 fame in this guy than I see John-117! I guess that makes Cortana, Rinoa...well, that's food for thought.

Heart

88. 52: Destiny

Prompt: 52. Destiny

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Human!Cortana, Shipmaster's POV, Inspired by Omega's review.

* * *

>In all his long years of service, the Shipmaster had never truly believed in the Covenant's belief. The humans had a word for that, Agnostic or something along that line. He had faith in his soldiers, he had love for his family, and he trusted in his destiny. But after the war, he had lost that last one. If destiny was something he could trust, then was it the Arbiter's destiny to lose a second Brother-In-Arms? Shipmaster sighed, clacking his mandibles. All these trade missions, it was beginning to wear on his nerves!<p><p>

"John, I'm asking you to lighten up! Just because he's an Elite doesn't mean he's going to kill you!" That was...no, it couldn't be...by the rings! The Spartan was alive! Shipmaster took a breath, following the voices.

"Cortana, I spent almost ten years getting shot at by Elites, less than a month of being buddy-buddy with them is not going to lessen my apprehension!" He was angry, and with good reason. Shipmaster was closing in on the pair of squabbling adults, just three strides away...

"John, don't be unreasonable. He won't shoot you, ok? Hello Shipmaster...oh my." John smirked as Cortana smiled brightly. Shipmaster grinned to himself.

Destiny was a fickle mistress, but she awarded those in need.

* * *

>AN: I've only done one other Elite POV, so this one went pretty well even with my lack of experience. As to why Cortana is human, well, let's just say that Earth isn't the only world with High-Tech crap.

89. 91: Drowning

Prompt: 91. Drowning

Takes Place: Halo 2

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: The results of bieng woken up at 7AM (1-10-08) with a severe stomach ache. When my body rebels against me, I get "angsty".

* * *

>Drowing is a little like sleeping, really. The only real difference is you don't wake up from drowning, ever. Drowing felt empty, cold and lonely. It was nothing like sleeping. John closed his eyes, disappointed in himself. There was so much he'd left unfinished. He hadn't thanked Dr. Halsey for all she'd done, hadn't known if CPO Mendez was alive, and didn't know what was going on with the Covenant. They'd been firing at eachother last he knew, but there wasn't a reason. Civil war maybe? Not that it mattered now, he was out of the fight. Cortana would kill him if he didn't die here.<p><p>

Cortana. He hadn't told her how grateful he'd been for her company over these last few months, it had kept him from drowning in the despair of losing everything he'd held dear. Watching the surface light fade away, John was shocked when a tentacle wrapped itself around his torso.

"This is not your grave, but you are welcome in it."

* * *

>AN: Congrats to Khellendros for bieng my 200th reviewer! (smacks herself) Thank you for pointing out the Shipmaster's name, I'd completely forgotten it and had to resort to just calling him Shipmaster. (faceplants into desk) I'll go back and check for those. I'm such an idiot these days.

Mach: I'll take that Idea into consideration, goodness knows I'll need them for later. Oh, and only one Spelling Error detected, pretty good for a non spell-check device.

Heart

90. 89: Through the Fire

Prompt: 89. Through the Fire

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

* * *

>All in all, it was a disaster zone. Flames everywhere, Brutes and

the remainder of the Flood. A deadly combination under normal circumstances, but in the midst of all this smoke and bitter fire, it was worse. John coughed, smoke tickling his throat. He needed to get to lower ground, fast. Cortana was seething in his Nueral lace, rambling on and on about how stupid the UNSC was to keep a Flood Spore in the lab, studying purposes set aside. After a few very close shots that nearly took his head off, Cortana finally snapped to attention. <p>"Stay low, they'll succumb to this eventually." John nodded, keeping his body low to the ground. Eventually, the Brutes all fell to the smoke, the Infection Spores dying with them. At the briefing later that day, John sighed.<p>

Sometimes, to survive the fall, you must go through the fire.

* * *

>AN: Ok, explanation time. Basically, C/C make it home, only to get called straight back into Active duty. Some idiot harvested a Flood Spore or dozen for testing, and they broke free. Now, in the Believe Ad, one of the videos said they kept some Covenant Corpses. I figured, the Flood get loose, and infect the best body then can. Combat Forms in semi-good condition can be revived, as various players found out the hard way. (giggles)

Fulltimeloser: (falls over) No way, I'm not doing 1000. I've got a list of 1000 prompts, but I'm doing that WAY later.

Ranpuryu: Thank you for respecting that. I honestly don't think these things are worship material, but if you want to, go ahead.

A/N2: (smacks herself) This is what I get for updating at 4 in the morning! (bows) Apologies everyone!

91. 93: Give Up

Prompt: 93. Give Up

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Inspired by Newtype Omega's review.

* * *

>Feathers? Check. Soft rope? Check. Water Bottle? Check. Tape Recorder? Ready to run and Check.<p><p>

John smiled, this was going to be fun.

* * *

>In all her years of existence, Cortana hadn't really known the meaning of "give up". During the first Halo, she'd kept John and as many Marines as possible alive. During the second Halo, she'd kept her precious person alive and well. After they were seperated, she never gave up hope that John would come for her. And when they were reunited, that hope came to fruition. He had never given up on her either, thier bond had withstood the test of time and war, they were

still here. But now, against John's ministrations, she could only laugh. She had read, sometime abck, that humans were incredibly ticklish on the arches of thier feet. John must have known her new body would be the same, and had been preparing this for some time. Her husband smirked, still gently moving the feathers across her feet.<p><p>

"Give up?" As Cortana caught her breath, she shook her head.

"Never."

The look on John's face was reward enough, for not giving up.

* * *

>AN: One of my more humorous pieces, I had fun. As for what the items are for, well, the feathers are obvious. The soft rope was to tie Cortana down without hurting her, the water was for after they finished, (when I laugh to much my throat goes dry) and the recorder, well, I figure that John would like to save Cortana's laughter for some rainy day.

Heart

92. 84: Cold

Prompt: 84. Cold

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: AU, no Admission to the Halo storyline.

A/N: Just a friendly warning. If ANYONE comes bitching to me about how AU "sucks", well, Hell will seem a peaceful alternative.

* * *

>Cortana was rather, idimidated by this man. 6 foot 5, an Mjolnir Mk. VII Tac-vest, with a pair of golden sunglasses in front of eyes that were supposed to be baby blue. His brown hair was cut military short, and he held himself straight and tall. He was her new bodyguard, and he was already looking stone cold. Cortana pushed away her fear, extanding her hand. Her mother had taught her to tell how a person was by the way they shook your hand. John met her hand with his own, and Cortana had to smile. Despite that cold exterior, he was a really caring person inside.<p><p>

"I'm Cortana Halsey, your new 'client'." John nodded, letting her hand go. Oddly, Cortana wished he hadn't done that.

"John Spartan. your new protector." Lips twitching upwards, Cortana put her hands on her hips.

"Well, I hope you know how to dance." John nodded.

"Will it be a waltz or a tango?" Cortana laughed, this man was going to be just fine.

And with her around, he wouldn't be cold for long.

* * *

>AN: Inspired by FF8, Squinoa is CANON Dammit!

Once more, if I get any grief about John's last name, hell will be a pleasant alternative. (glares) I'm the wrong girl to piss off, kay? (sweet smile)

Heart

93. 57: Sacrifice

Prompt: 57. Sacrifice

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Halo 3

A/N: Anyone remember SelfSacrifice? This is Cortana's POV of a little before that event.

* * *

>Something was wrong. John was too quiet. Sure, she wasn't expecting him to dance around singing "The Hokey Pokey", but this was way to quiet, even for him. Had she been human and alone, she would have been pacing back in forth in deep thought. But as it was, stuck in John's neural lace, she was forced to ask him what was wrong after an hours thought.<p><p>

"John, what's the matter? I've never see you this clammed up before." His hesitation, before the answer sent off warning flares in her mind.

"We have to kill Truth before he lights the rings, I'm the only one who can get close enough to do the job." After a moment, the pieces clicked into place.

"John, to even get close to Truth you'd have to kill his Chieftains. And the only way to do that is with almost 2 megatons of explosives. We don't have that many grenades." John shook his head, climbing up onto a small ledge just above thier campsite.

"No, but this armor is almost a ton. Wire it to blow, and you've got one hell of a bomb." Had she been Human, Cortana would have fainted then and there. But, just like before, she was still an AI. So she settled for the next best thing. The second he popped off his helmet, she was "standing" on the visor, screaming at him.

"John, Don't do this to me!"

* * *

>AN: Yeah, I'm still sick of bieng a Teenager. Things are a little better now, but push any of my buttons the wrong way, and I'll either clam up worse than a threatened oyster or bite your head off. Stupid hormones.

Heart

94. 90: Not Dead Yet

Prompt: 90. Not Dead Yet

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, Daniel is mine

Takes Place: Post "Lucky Idiot" prompt

A/n: All my Medical knowledge has been gained from watching ER and Diagnosis Murder, so don't follow any of these guideline. I ain't no doc!

* * *

>It's every parents worst nightmare to see thier child in pain. Military families suffer those nightmares whenever an attack happens, and John and Cortana are no different. They've both had thier share of hospital stays, for broken bones, internal bleeding, pregnancy and the like, but waiting is a game neither likes to play. Waiting for a doctor to come out of surgery and tell you if your only child will live or die is nerve wracking. John was pacing the floor as Cortana sat in one of those uncomfortable chairs, stiff as a board. She'd only relax when they told her Daniel wasn't dead. The sound of a door swinging open sent both people whirling to face the doctor, and Cortana had to heave a sigh of relief when she saw the Doctors smiling face.<p><p>

"Daniel's going to make a full recovery. In fact, he's awake and asking for you now." Instead of waiting to hear thier reply, the Doctor led them to thier son. Against the white sheets and stark walls, Daniel looked smaller than when he'd been brought in, and his eyes showed just how tired he really was. Cortana had to sit down, just holding her baby's hand. John placed a hand on his son's shoulder.

"You ok?" Daniel grinned, squeezing his Mother's hand.

"Well, I ain't dead yet. "

* * *

>AN: Inspired by multiple episodes of Stargate: SG1 (Yes, I watch it. I dislike Mitchell!) and by my own personal experience with a hospital. My Maternal Grandfather went into surgery to get some internal bleeding (bladder area) cleared off, made it out of surgery with flying colors too.

He was gone within an hour after we left the hospital.

Daniel's going to be fine though, he's a tough kid.

Heart

95. 66: Traps

Prompt: 66. Traps

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, Mario is Nintendo(? , Not to sure of that one)

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Inspired by videos posted on YouTube by members Cloud8745 and LuizProwder. I don't think I've laughed so hard in YEARS.

* * *

>"Left. John, I said LEFT!" <p>"I'm working on it! Cut me some slack Cortana." The female in question winced, yet another life lost. John groaned. He could take down Covenant and Flood Armadas, but couldn't beat a single level of this thing. From behind him on the couch, Cortana heaved a sigh. Swallowing his pride, he handed the controller off to her.<p>

"Thank you. Let's see if maybe I can do this." And see they did. Levels were climbed, enemies defeated, and coins collected. All until one simple trap at the final level. One block on top, nothing underneath. It should have sent warning bells into Cortana's brain, but it obviously didn't since she didn't change her course to jump over it. John, seeing the trap a mile away, tried to stop her. But the warning came to late, and John had to laugh at the look on her face. After a moment of just staring at teh screen in shock, Cortana smirked.

"Well, that was, odd. Did you see that?" John nodded, and Cortana thwacked him on the shoulder.

"Next time, warn me if there's a trap!"

* * *

>AN: Yes, John and Cortana were playing Mario, one of the older ones. By Bahamut's sake, those things would be almost, 600 years old at that point! The level in question is a Beta that Cloud8745 is apparently still developing at the time of update. (01-15-08) Any who, when I saw the Beta level being tested by LuizProwder, I fell over in hysterics! I'll put the link in my Profile with the next Update, so hold your fire!

Heart

96. 81: Accident

Prompt: 81.Accident

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies, Daniel is mine.

A/N: Inspired by the ending to FFVII: Crisis Core, Prequel to "Not Dead Yet"

* * *

>It had been a total accident really. A stray shot, a mistake. Friendly fire turned rebel, turned enemy. Had it been someone else lying here dying, Daniel Halsey probably would have laughed in fear. But, as it was him bleeding out from a chest wound, he could only smile tiredly. He had left so much he'd left unsaid, to his parent's, to his friends, to himself. But there would be no chance now. He was dying, all from an accidental gunshot. Even in this day and age, bleeding to death was still a problem. If you didn't get help fast, you wouldn't make it. Daniel sighed, closing his eyes. There were so many "if only"'s running through his head now. So many things left. Oh well, if they got his body back home he'd be happy. He wouldn't be here to see it, but his parent's could at least get some closure.<p><p>

Wait a darn minute, were those footsteps?

"Don't you dare die on me kid!" His squad leader... Daniel smirked.

"Dammit Danny, you're fudging crazy!" Bleary blue eyes cracked open, and the young man smiled.

"If I wasn't, this would never had worked."

* * *

>AN: Recently, there was a large accident on the Reynosa-Pharr bridge that connects Mexico to Texas. 4 People died and six more were injured when an 18-Wheeler tried to do a U-turn on the bridge because it lacked the paperwork needed to cross. It was an accident, a mistake. But it's something we can't change now. (lights candle)

Heart

97. 73: Time

Prompt: 73. Time

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>Cortana could only blink in shock. Was she reading this right? Had it been only nine months? Footsteps behind her and arms around her shoulders told her that John was home.<p><p>

"What's wrong?"

"The dates. Am I going nuts?" John looked up at the screen, blinked, then looked back at his wife.

"No, unless I am to."

* * *

>Later that night in bed, Cortana sat up. John leaned on his elbows, running his fingers through her hair.<p><p>

"We only knew eachother for nine months before I got this body, are we going to fast?" John smiled, shaking his head.

"No. Too quick would have been nine days. But as far as I'm concerned, it doesn't matter. Time has no bearing on love, we both know that." Cortana looked at her mate, then layed back down into his arms.

"You're right."

"Of course I am." Wait just a minute, she knew that tone... As John started tickling her again, Cortana knew he was right. Time had no meaning to them. After the war, they deserved all the time in the world.

And they had it now, with eachother.

* * *

>AN: Odd, but it's all that came to me for the word. Thank you to Newtype Omega for telling me they hadn't known eachother for that long.

Heart

98. 62: Rivalry

Prompt: 62. Rivalry/Brotherhood

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

A/N: Another version of "Rebirth of an Angel"

* * *

>"No." <p>"Spartan, don't be an idiot, it will only be for less than one day. I will return her to you unharmed."<p>

"No." Arbiter huffed, this human was as stubborn as a Brute. He needed Cortana to plan something for the Spartan, but if he told him that, well, the little lady would be yelling at him the rest of the cycle.

"Spartan, do I have to swear a blood pact with you?! She will not be harmed!" The look in John's eyes was making the Elite nervous, he'd only seen that look when that Vice Admiral had tried to delete Cortana many moons ago. After a moment of being stared up at, John sighed. He gestured into the room he'd just come out of, and Arbiter nodded.

"Just, make sure she comes back alive." The Elite nodded, coming out of the room with Cortana's chip held reverently in his hand. John bit his lip. There was a slight rivalry between himself and the Elite

that had just disappeared around the corner with his partner, and Johnson had said something along the lines of "you two are supposed to be brothers-in-arms, get along dammit!" John rubbed the back of his head, the Sergeant had knocked thier heads together to finish his sentence. Taking a deep breath, he plodded back into his quarters to try and sleep. If he could manage an hour or two, he'd be ok.

* * *

>John awoke to someone shaking his arm, and brown eyes cracked open to meet a pair of bright blue. He shot upright, and he could hear Cortana laugh. <p>"If I'd known that you'd get that spooked, I'd have asked Arbiter to wait till tomorrow!" Instead of Cortana's voice coming from his Holo-Pad, it came from the mouth of the girl in front of his bed. After a moment of shell shocked staring, he noticed Arbiter standing in his door. The Elite nodded to him, walking out of sight.<p>

Their rivalry had been quelled, by a simple act of brotherhood.

* * *

>AN: Inspired by my Cousin and his sister. They'd been squabbling over various things over the week, but the minute she comes crying home about her boyfriend being in an accident, he's driving her to be by his side, even though it's the middle of the night. Those two, despite thier fights, are the closest pair of siblings I've ever seen. I kinda, copied that to Chief and Arbiter. Granted, neither is a girl, but you people get it.

As for the prompt itself, Arbiter (This guy needs a name!) helped Cortana get a human body. Odd, but I needed something over siblings, and Chief and Arbiter seemed to fit.

Heart

99. 56: Danger Ahead

Prompt: 56. Danger Ahead

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Way, way! Pre-Series

A/N: This is my first time writing Kid!John, so it'll probably suck.

* * *

>Even at the young age of six, John knew danger when he saw it. He knew that when his father's eyes narrowed that way, there was trouble brewing. When his mother frowned in that oddly scary way, there was danger just ahead. But when they both clung to eachother like a pair of mating cats, John knew that something was very wrong. Ever since that woman from the UNSC had come, saying something about a candidate for something to do with Spartan's, his parents had been very quiet. But now, in the middle of the night, with strange men and that woman standing just above his bed, John was beginning to understand why they had come. Spartans were soldiers. They wanted him to become a

soldier to stop this war, they wanted him to fight. John hated fighting, he deplored violence with a passion ever since his dog had died, and now they wanted him to fight in a mans war?! He wasn't even ten yet! John tried to fight, tried to scream as they put, something on his bed, it looked like him, but it wasn't him. Why weren't his parents coming? It wasn't making sense! As the strange men sat him down in some kind of car, John could only watch his house fade away into the darkness.<p><p>

There was danger ahead, and John could only wish this was a nightmare.

* * *

>AN: Written to "Be Prepared" from TLK, and "Try" by Hayden Paniettere. Scar somehow reminds me of Hood. (laughs) Why does that make me crack up?

Heart

100. 29: Happiness

Prompt: 29. Happiness

Disclaimer: Halo is Bungies

Takes Place: Post Halo 3

A/N: Human!Cortana

* * *

>John licked his lower lip, taking a deep breath before getting onto one knee.<p><p>

"Cortana, ever since the day I met you, you've never doubted me. All throughout the wars, after High Charity and before it, you trusted in me. Trusted that I would come to save you. You put your faith in me, even though there was a chance I wouldn't come for you. After the Ark was destroyed, we floated out there for almost three years before crash landing in the Trading Colonies. Even then, you still trusted me. And now, we're home. Safe and sound, no more fighting. It's been five years since I met you, and I'd redo it all if I had to. What I'm trying to ask you, Cortana, is if you'll marry me." After a moment of stunned silence, Cortana smiled.

"Yes." Slipping the ring on his wife-to-be's finger, John could only smile. After all the pain and sadness the wars had brought, after all the grief taking place in the Trading Colonies, there was still love and happiness.

And somehow, despite all reason, John knew they would be all right.

* * *

>AN: I'd planned to have this written on 01-17-08, but I fell asleep on the keyboard and didn't finish till the 18th! (flails) This is the end of this story. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed

writing it. I'll still take request Prompts though, and I guarantee you that I'm never going to stop writing. I've just got to many ideas in my head!

Heart

101. Author's Thanks

Just one final thing, to thank all my reviewers. Going in chronological order of when they first reviewed, so the more recent ones come last. Note, this will probably be longer than all my prompts!

Havoc-legionnaire, Juggler129, Quirel, JustShotMarvin, Bladel100, Lea Nikkava, Matanzon-El-Mono, ArsonistMaster, AnimeRedneckSC, Smackblasta, ToKillaBunny, Bullwolf238, Sleepwalk, Obsidian Thirteen, Mach Farcon, Flames Chaos and Wolf, Thunder1, Trekkifulron, AndrewFisher15, Tarva, "bleh" Afalstein, Peanuckle, SilverKnight, Katana777, Catland Creator, Xboxgeek, fulltimeloser, Agent of the Divine One, Black Oblivion, KaneBuddy, lUgIaPkMnMaStEr, Kavek, Sfd, Lucadris, Baby Blue Eyes10, Neil, Pianoman, Gomjibar22, Ron, Evil Chocolate of Doom, Talon88.1, Death 12, Onhiro, High Priest of Ducky, Ranpuryu, hoyt, Zadok, Newtype Omega, Setesh, Paranoid Scientist, General-Commissar, Khellendros, and Master Li. Thanks to you all.

And a big thank you to all the people that Faved/Alerted this story, it let me know that it was actually read. And one more thing.

Over the past few months I've written this, I've changed a lot. Becuase of all of your suggestions and comments, I was able to become a better writer and person. Had I not gone out on a limb writing a Halo story, had my best friend not introduced me to the Halo series, I wouldn't be the girl I am now. But that, is a story for another time. I wish you all happy days, and the best of luck in all that you do.

Heart Of Memories

102. Author's Note: June 2012

People may have noticed by now that things have changed around here. Between "Critics United" and "Literate Union", the climate around FFN has taken a drastic turn for the unfriendly. Accounts have been banned, stories deleted, and people have been driven to tears over what was supposed to be a fun hobby, all because of a bunch of bullies. The issues I have with this are long and lengthy, but I won't take up your time with the details. This is just a statement of fact: I'm leaving FFN behind me. This notice will go up on all my stories, and though they will remain up for as long as possible, any incomplete works will not be updated from this point on.

However. This does not mean that they will not have updates at all. I'm leaving FFN behind, not stopping writing. This site has taken a turn for the worst but I will still write, however slowly. Writing my first story is what brought my sister and I together. Writing is what gave me my self-confidence back when I thought I'd lost it all. Writing is, to many people, an escape. A method of coping. I will not

let mine be taken from me. On that note, I will not be stopped from writing. No bully is going to take away something that I consider important, and none of you should let that happen, either. Their reasoning, removing stories that break site rules, can be respected up to a point. Their methods cannot. Bullying is never the answer. We are all writers, to some degree, and we are all humans. That demands some modicum of respect, and this is not that. This is bullying, and the only method I know to work with bullies is to turn and walk away until the time comes to fight back. Do not let them take your dreams.

For those who want to keep updated more frequently, all updates to any of my stories will be posted on my tumblr, which can be found at `**heart-of-memories(dot)tumblr(dot)com**`. They will likely be linked to from a different site with Tumblr just serving as the grounds for which to launch, but it's simpler to keep it that way. Also, older fic may be posted on Tumblr at one point or another. Life needs to settle a little more first.

As you've surely seen, this is a work that's noted as "complete" according to FFN standards. As such, it will remain here until it gets deleted for whatever reason. At that time, it will be moved to either the aforementioned Tumblr, or to my new writing "home", `**endlessink(dot)dreamwidth(dot)org`. `**All new fics and any kind of update to the verse this story belongs too will be found there as well, so please follow at your leisure. Hopefully I've made it easy enough for you all to continue doing so, because I cherish each and every one of you. Yes, even the flamers. :3`

In closing, I suggest everyone who reads this and has an account here find a new place to host their works. There's no telling when things will get worse.

~Heart

End
file.